TV RADIO MIRROR

ADIO MIRROR

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E FATHER, LIKE SON:
Second Generation
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Eye for Talent

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This budding beauty has a complexion smooth, soft, That Ivory Look! Yours can look that way, too, with a change to regular Ivory care. Remember, the milder your soap, the prettier your skin—and Ivory Soap is mild enough for a baby's skin. It leaves your complexion fresh as Spring with That Ivory Look!

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Two golden hours a day...wonderful people share their lives with you on the

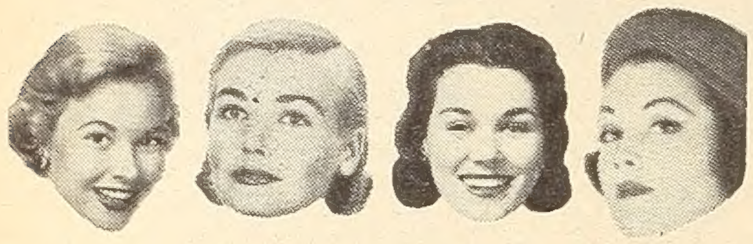
CBS RADIO NETWORK

Monday through Friday. See your local paper for station and time

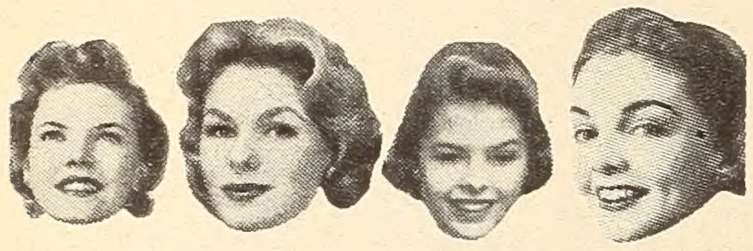
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TV RADIO MIRROR

MARCH, 1958 • MIDWEST EDITION • VOL. 49, NO. 4

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PEOPLE ON THE AIR

What's New From Coast to Coast.....by Peter Abbott 4
And So They Were Married (Jack Linkletter)..... 12
Married Life With Peter Lawford.....by Fredda Balling 19
What's the Future of Radio? (Arthur Godfrey).....by Martin Cohen 22
Nine New Men on the Lawrence Welk Team.....by Maurine Remenih 24
Talent for *Tonight*.....by Helen Bolstad 28
Like Father, Like Son (Lindsay Crosby, Ronnie Burns, Tony Perkins, Frank Sinatra, Jr., Dave and Rick Nelson, Pat Wayne) by Elsa Molina 30
Dennis Weaver of *Gunsmoke*.....by Kathleen Post 46
Monitor's Ad-Lib Addicts: Bob and Ray..... 48
All Hail, Cochise! (Michael Ansara).....by Tom Peters 52
The Accent Is Italian (recipes by Darlene Zito)..... 54
A Valentine for Doberman (Maurice Gosfield)....by Gregory Merwin 56

FEATURES IN FULL COLOR

This Is Nora Drake (Mary Jane Higby).....by Frances Kish 34
Pop vs. Playboy: The Private Life of Bob Cummings .....by Nancy Anderson 36
Made for the Part (Cloris Leachman).....by Eunice Field 40
The Ring Around Rosie Clooney.....by Dora Albert 42

YOUR LOCAL STATION

Around The Town (WCCO-TV)..... 6
Your Home Is Your Business (WJR)..... 8
Elmer's Tunes (KARD-TV)..... 10
Mister P. M. (KYW)..... 60
Two for Talk (WOOD, WOOD-TV)..... 62

YOUR SPECIAL SERVICES

Movies on TV..... 3
Information Booth..... 16
TV Radio Mirror Goes to the Movies.....by Janet Graves 17
Beauty: Pretty Head on Her Shoulders (Marian Russell).....by Harriet Segman 58
New Patterns for You (smart wardrobe suggestions)..... 74
New Designs for Living (needlecraft and transfer patterns)..... 86

Cover portrait of Lawrence Welk by Gary Wagner

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movies on TV

Showing this month

BLACK SWAN, THE (20th): Lusty yarn of buccaneering on the Spanish Main. Ty Power, aide to Henry Morgan (the late Laird Cregar), sees nobly-born Maureen O'Hara as the loveliest of loot.

CAPTAIN FROM CASTILE (20th): For more serious adventure, Ty Power moves to 17th-century Spain and to Mexico with the army of Cortez (Cesar Romero). Jean Peters is a lively, handsome heroine.

CONFIDENTIAL AGENT (Warners): Intrigues of Spain's modern-time civil war explode excitingly in London. Charles Boyer braves danger gallantly, but Lauren Bacall's miscast as an English girl.

CRY OF THE CITY (20th): Crisply realistic crime study. Richard Conte turns killer; Vic Mature, a slum pal in boyhood, becomes a detective. Women involved in Conte's twisted life are Debra Paget, Shelley Winters.

FUGITIVE, THE (RKO): Impressive drama of religion under a Latin American dictatorship. As a hunted priest, Henry Fonda finds that Dolores Del Rio and others cling to their faith. Pedro Armendariz plays a ruthless police boss.

JOHNNY APOLLO (M-G-M): Slambang thriller stars Ty Power as a college boy who sets about making his fortune in gangland, falls in love with Dorothy Lamour, inamorata of racket leader Lloyd Nolan.

LUCKY PARTNERS (RKO): Pleasant farce pairs Ronald Colman and Ginger Rogers, as Greenwich Villagers who win a sweepstakes bonanza. Jack Carson and Spring Byington also contribute chuckles.

MRS. MIKE (U.A.): Sympathetic close-up of an unusual marriage. As wife of Dick Powell, sergeant in the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, Evelyn Keyes faces hardships in the far-off wilds.

OKLAHOMA KID, THE (Warners): Jimmy Cagney plays it light as a good-hearted bandit of the old West, defying Humphrey Bogart's well-organized villainies. Rosemary Lane's the girl.

PARADINE CASE, THE (Selznick): Alfred Hitchcock special. Lawyer Gregory Peck's defense of accused murderess Valli affects his marriage to Ann Todd. With Charles Laughton, other top-flight players.

PORTRAIT OF JENNIE (Selznick): In a delicate fantasy, painter Joseph Cotten falls in love with Jennifer Jones, slowly realizing she's a ghost. Ethel Barrymore's a kindly art dealer.

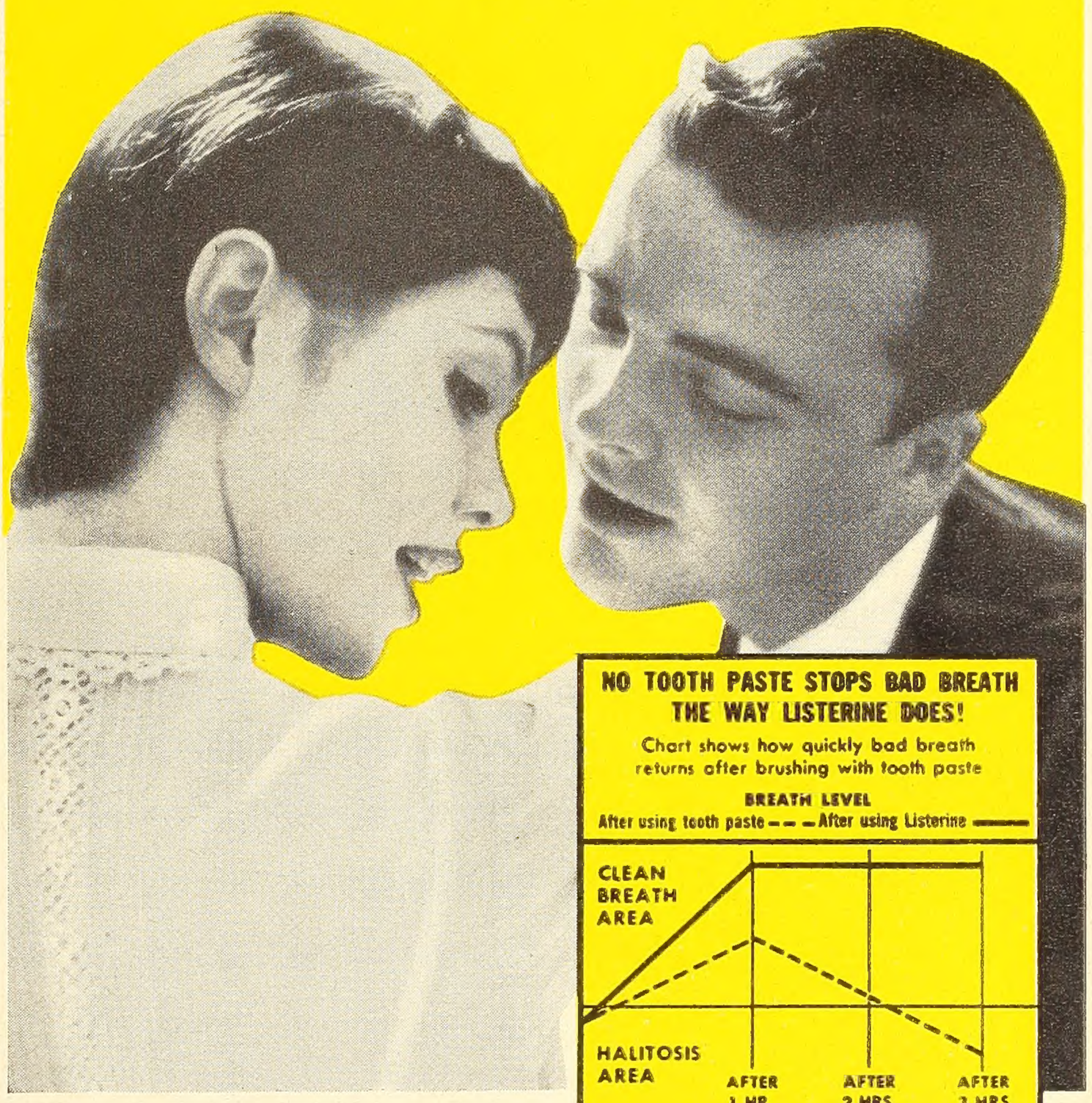
RACKET, THE (RKO): Tough crook picture matches two rugged adversaries: Robert Ryan, as a brutal big shot; Robert Mitchum, as an honest cop. Lizabeth Scott and Robert Hutton supply romance.

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS (20th): Engaging musical of World War II days spotlights performers who gained greater fame later: Perry Como, Phil Silvers, Vivian Blaine. Carmen Miranda's in on the plot, about a strange inheritance.

You can not brush bad breath away... reach for Listerine!

Listerine Stops Bad Breath

4 Times Better Than Tooth Paste!



NO TOOTH PASTE STOPS BAD BREATH THE WAY LISTERINE DOES!

Chart shows how quickly bad breath returns after brushing with tooth paste

BREATH LEVEL

After using tooth paste - - - After using Listerine ——

CLEAN BREATH AREA

HALITOSIS AREA

AFTER 1 HR.

AFTER 2 HRS.

AFTER 3 HRS.

Brush away bad breath? Impossible! Germs in the mouth cause 9 out of 10 cases of bad breath (halitosis)—and no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does. Listerine kills germs by the millions—stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Nothing—absolutely nothing—stops bad breath as effectively as The Listerine Way. Reach for Listerine and gargle it full-strength, morning and night!

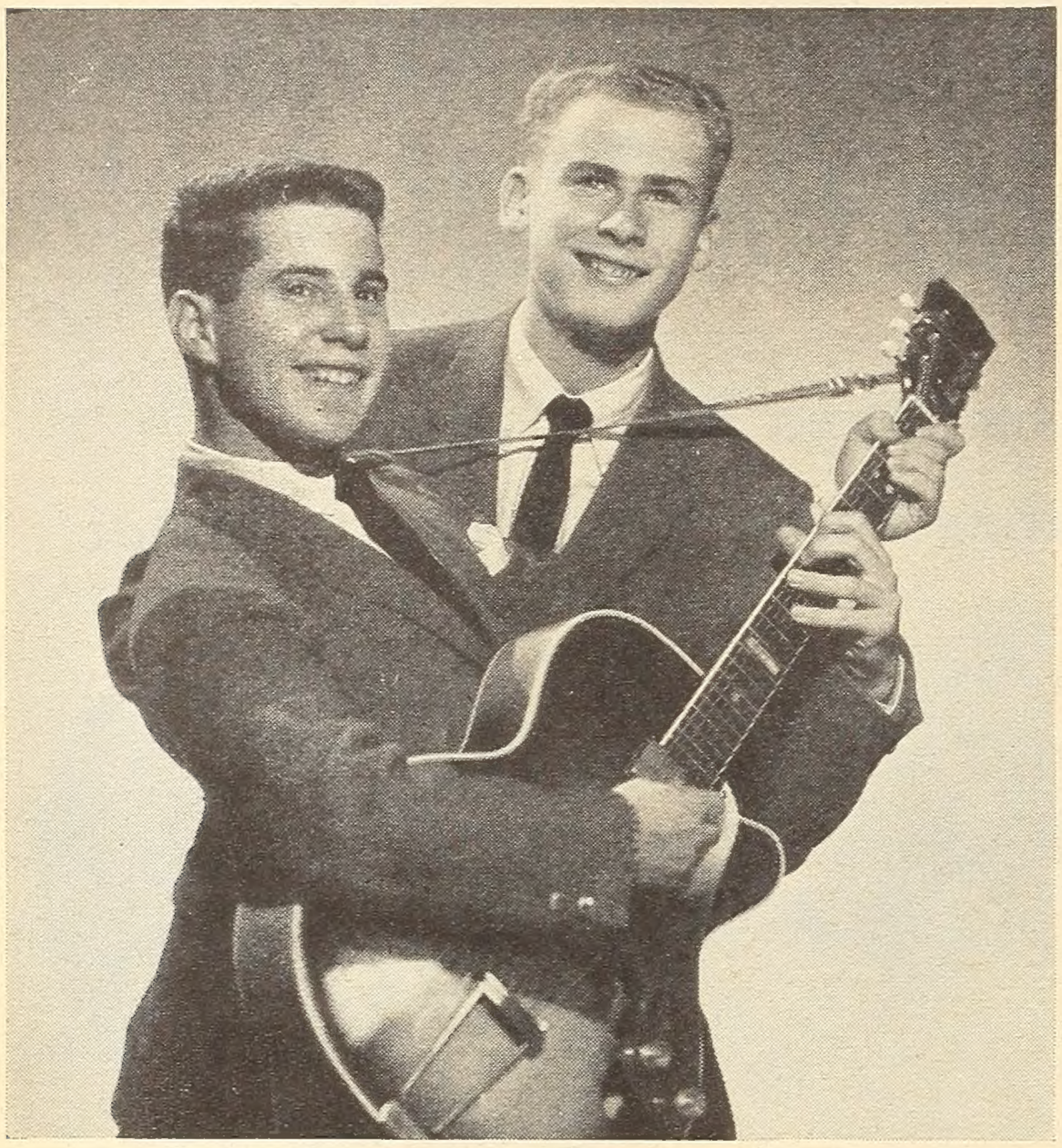


Reach for Listerine

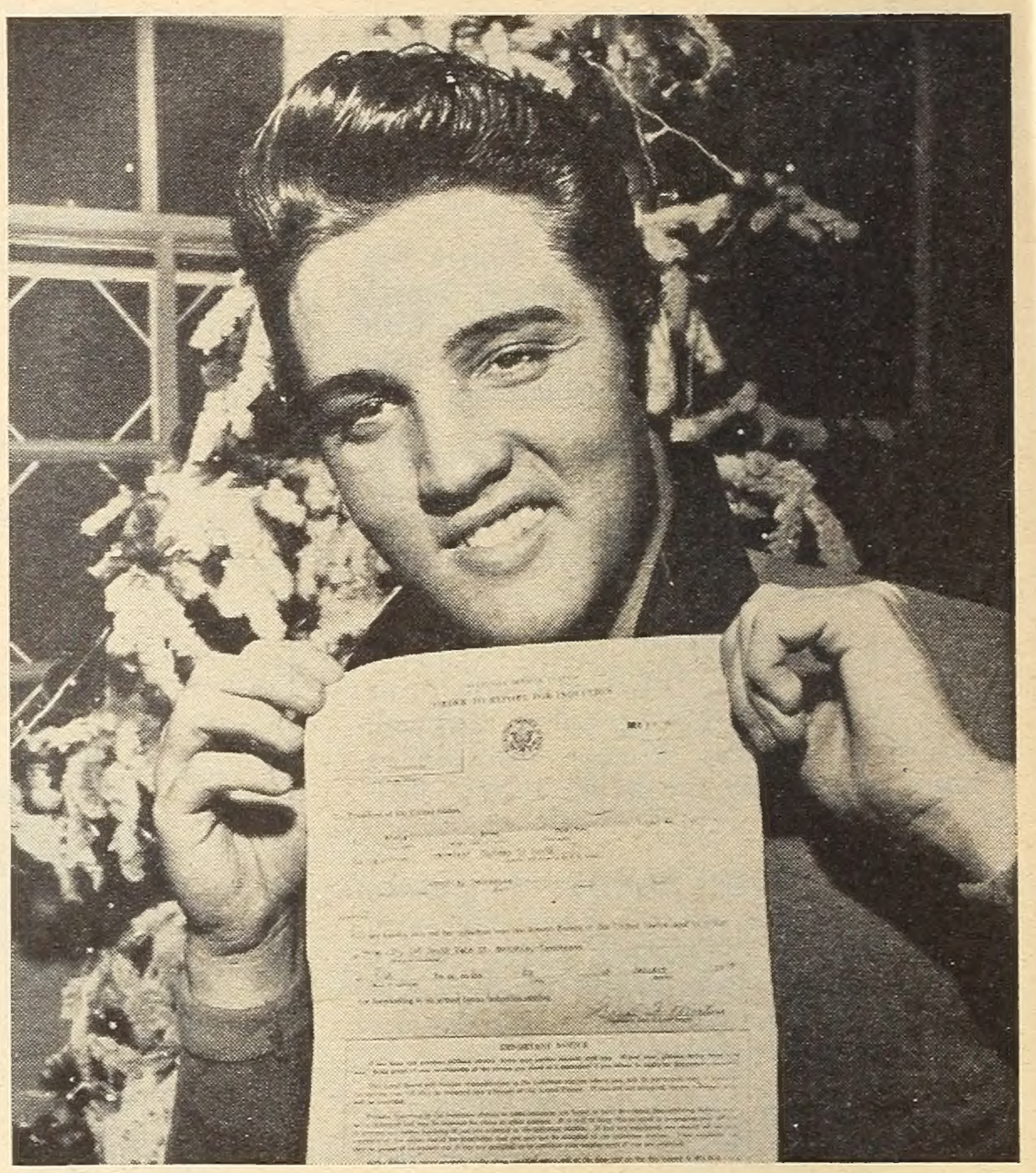
...Your No. 1 Protection Against Bad Breath

What's New from Coast to Coast

By PETER ABBOTT



Overheard and signed on-the-spot, Tom Graph and guitarist Jerry Landis have a rock 'n' roll hit in "Hey, Schoolgirl."

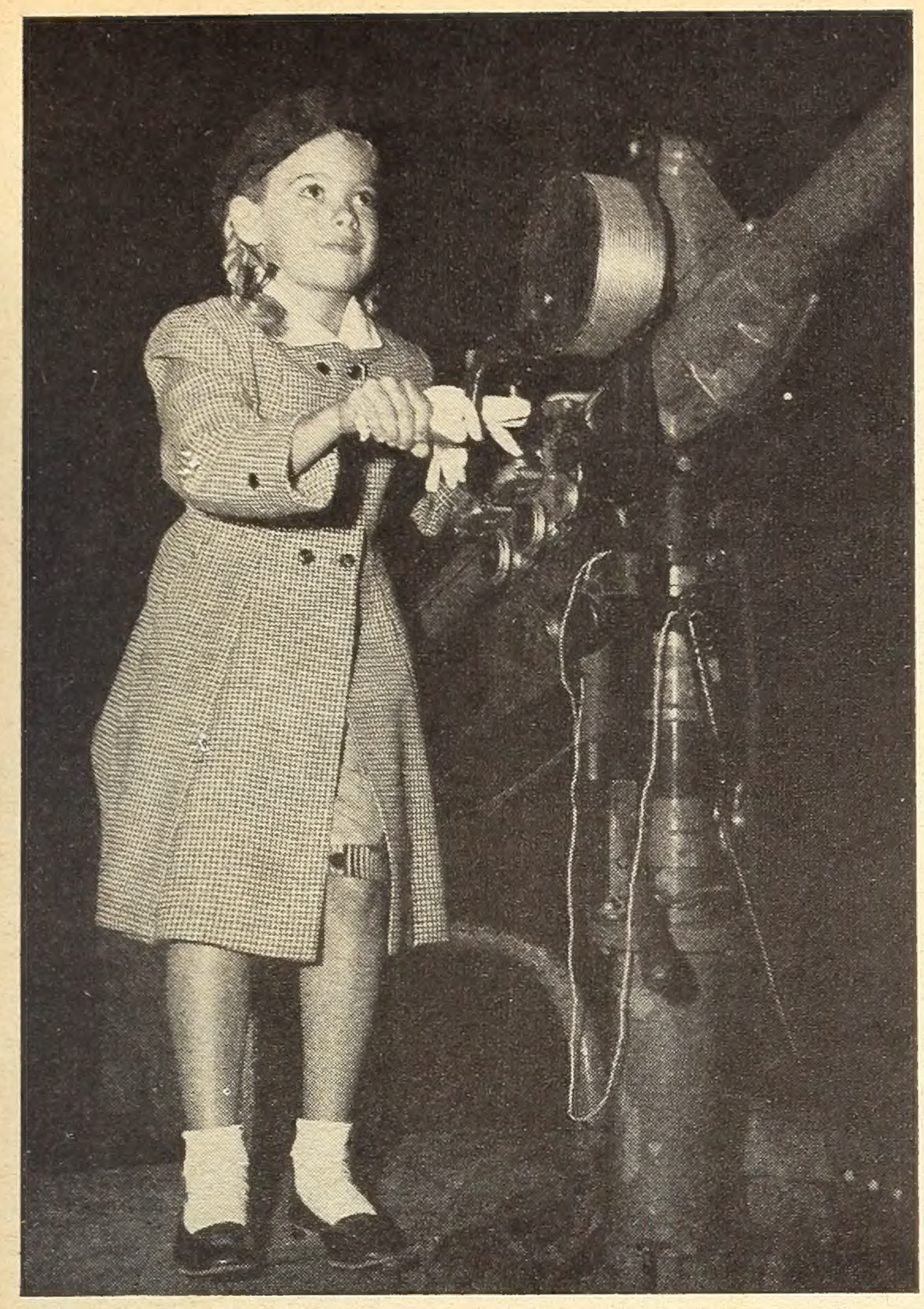


Greetings from his Uncle and Elvis Presley is off to the barracks. Fans hope there's time for farewell movie.

Flash Items: Jane Russell will be first of Hollywood's sexy stars to come on TV with regular series. Films now in preparation for next season. . . . TV's first glamour queen, Faye Emerson, momentarily expected to marry Jack Walker, New York City business man. . . . Barbara Eden, co-star of *How To Marry A Millionaire,* has discovered Cochise (Michael Ansara). . . . CBS Radio will have a two-hour spectacular in April. Sponsor is rug-maker. . . . Note that Godfrey's daughter, 15-year-old Patty, recovering nicely from car collision. Note, also, that Patty was a passenger in car. . . . Lovely new album is Lawrence Welk's "The World's Finest Music," on Coral Label. The band is augmented by 52 strings and features such romantic items as "Clair de Lune," "Moon Love," etc. . . . Troubles at NBC: Bob Hope committed to three more hour-shows this season but one of sponsors objects to time available, so they're deadlocked. . . . Jan Miner proud, and with reason. About to debut in first Broadway show, "Obbligato." As star, she will characterize a spinster under shadow of family. . . . Tab Hunter so thrilled about playing Hans Brinker in the NBC-TV spec, "Silver Skates," on February 9 that he secretly dashed into New York City early. No one will have to sub for Tab's skating routines, for in his own right Tab has won regional championships on ice. In the meantime, Hallmark having headaches getting a whole Dutch canal into a Brooklyn studio. . . . In a Hollywood studio, Paramount movie-moguls were trying to defer Elvis Presley's entry into the Army long enough to put the wiggler into another film for the fans he leaves behind. "King Creole" was all set to roll in January.

Anna Maria & Sal: Two great kids are hard at work preparing CBS-TV's spec, "Aladdin." And they are having fun. Sal Mineo, who plays title role, says, "I've seen Ann in films so many times I've always felt as if I knew her. She's my type—pretty, sweet and not too concerned with herself." And Anna Maria Alberghetti, who gets top billing as the princess, is, as Sal has said, warm and sweet. At twenty, she is five-four, a marmalade blonde with dark brown eyes. She has been singing professionally since the age of six, and notes ruefully that too many producers still think of her as a baby. A great singing star, she has appeared, also, as an actress on such shows as *Climax!, Matinee Theater,* etc. But she doesn't think career and marriage mix. "If I fell in love, I would quit show business permanently. It is much more important to be a successful wife than a star. I couldn't work at both. I'm a perfectionist in the business and that takes too much time." . . . Sal, at 18, isn't even thinking of marriage. A wonderful guy, it is good news to report that he has recovered from his eye operation, although it meant putting off his college entrance another year. Right after the TV show, he goes to Hollywood to make two pictures; one is "The Gene Krupa Story," in which he plays the title role. Then he comes back to New York City. Says Sal, "Hollywood's a nice place to visit but I wouldn't want to live there." The "Aladdin" spec falls on February 21. With book by S. J. Perelman and new music by Cole Porter, it promises to be one of the very high spots of this season's TV.

TV Bulletins: Hal March bought himself a home in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, but, unfortunately, is entitled only to a summer vacation. . . . Arlene Francis and Charles Collingwood are part-owners of a race horse—and it hasn't been running so good. . . . Pat Boone bought himself a piece of a Kentucky colt and contributed the name, "April's Love." . . . Pat's brother Nick Todd dating Marian McKnight, Miss America of 1957, but she's at U.C.L.A. and he's at Columbia, and



When Evelyn Rudie visited New York, her pranks at the Plaza Hotel recalled her TV role as "Eloise."



Fairy tales come true—to life—on TV. "Aladdin" will star Anna Maria Alberghetti, Cyril Ritchard, Sal Mineo . . . lamp.

there's no plane fast enough to make it a steady thing. . . . Dody Goodman making only three appearances weekly on Jack Paar's show, but it's not so bad. Her weekly salary upped from $820 to $900. . . . Sir Winston's daughter, Sarah, has been contracted to appear once a month for the next six on *Matinee Theater*. . . . Male viewpoints: Singer Tommy Leonetti dates willowy models; Raymond Burr (Perry Mason) prefers the Natalie Wood type and why not? . . . If you've been missing the hijinks of Joan Davis, let it be known that she is making a new TV comedy series, *Joan Of Arkansas*. She plays the first woman to be selected for a flight to the moon. . . . Hugh O'Brian, who has gained a rep as a hard-headed business man, has an unpublicized soft streak. During tours, he spends hours of his time in children's wards and at orphanages. In Manhattan recently, Hugh spotted a ten-year-old chasing his cab. Hugh stopped. The kid shyly expressed his admiration. Hugh promptly invited the boy to spend the day with him, including lunch at "21." In the late afternoon, when the boy lamented that no one would believe he had actually been with *Wyatt Earp*, Hugh took the boy all the way home and went up to meet his parents. Maybe Hugh's not so hard.

(*Continued on page* 7)



Sheriff Pat Conway of *Tombstone Territory* is the only TV badge to tote a shotgun. "Realism," he says. Pat wields a puff, too—for Vickie Van.

AROUND THE TOWN



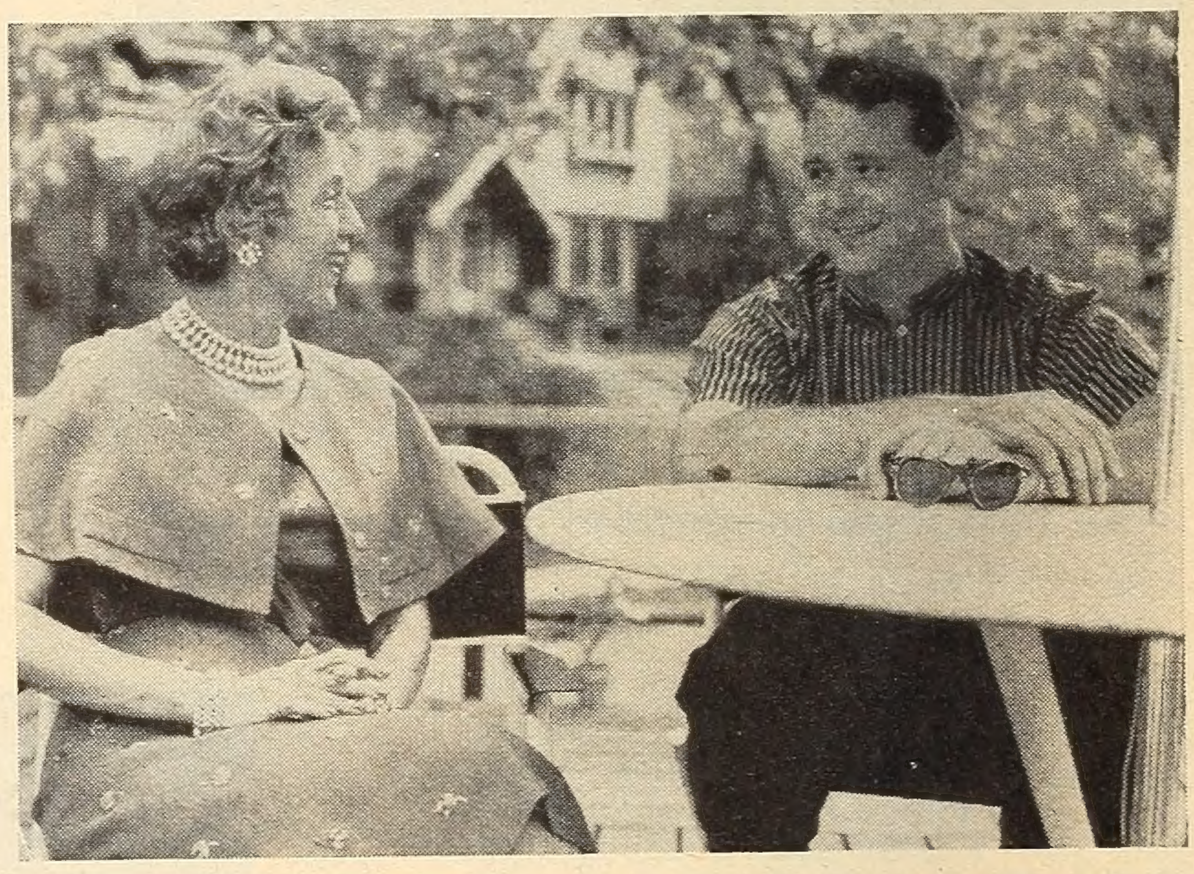
Arle Haeberle of WCCO-TV

shines amid the glitter of celebrities—

home-grown or just visiting



Before *Town* went visual, Arle was on WCCO Radio. Sister Billie (at right) is secretary to a WCCO-TV vice-president.



Son Lou, a law student, inherited charm, tact and speaking ability from Arle, who's much in demand as a guest-speaker.

PRODUCTS," says WCCO-TV's Arle Haeberle, "are a lot like children. They often need special development to bring them out." The charming hostess of the Twin Cities' *Around The Town* program should know whereof she speaks. She is a good mother, figuratively and actually. In the latter sense, she brought up a son, Lou, now 25 and a student at Harvard Law School. As a "commercial" mom, Arle develops her product-children—who, as a sponsor knows, can be problem-children, as well. Probably because whatever Arle does has such a compelling honesty and persuasiveness about it, viewers tend to think of her as a mother and homemaker first and as a television personality second. . . . Brain-child for Arle is her program. *Around The Town* ran for several years on WCCO Radio. Then, in 1949, the year of the big switch to the channels, Arle and her show plunged right in without a moment's hesitation. Five days a week, from 4 to 4:30, Arle invites viewers to amble along with her, see a budget-wise way of preparing leftover veal, a "fun" new cookie-cutter, the performance of a talented local youngster. . . . The itinerary complete, Arle brings the world to her viewers' living rooms. Movie stars, authors, stage people, notables in every field, if they're in Minneapolis or St. Paul, they're on Arle's show. . . . In the course of interest-gathering, Arle takes a longer "walk," sometimes. Last year, when restrictions on tourist travel were relaxed by Iron Curtain governments, Arle led the first women's delegation to the U.S.S.R. On the agenda were visits to the agricultural exhibition, the Kremlin, Moscow University (where they talked to students and professors) and to the huge G.U.M. department store for impromptu chats with the management, clerks and customers. . . . Arle began her career as an actress at the Chautauqua summer festivals and went into radio soon afterward. BTV (Before Television), she was Women's Director for WCCO. Arle has won scores of honors, including the AFTRA-AD Club designation as "outstanding woman performer in Twin City TV." Organizations make a constant demand on Arle as a speaker while, as a letter-writer, Arle makes constant demands on herself. She keeps up a steady correspondence with 7,500 radio and TV friends—all *Around The Town.*

What's New from Coast to Coast

(*Continued from page 5*)

Bachelor Actor: The backstage interview was interrupted several times by such diverse personalities as Boris Karloff and Lee Meriwether, who came to the dressing room to pay their compliments to actor Theo Bikel. Tall, husky, handsome Bikel is one of TV's and Broadway's exciting finds. Just this past month, he co-starred in the huge TV production of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." Nightly, he has been performing in the Broadway drama, "The Rope Dancers," which also stars former TV comedian Art Carney. Viennese-born Bikel has been in the country only three years. "The great thing about the United States for an actor is the instantaneous recognition. A year ago, I appeared on *U.S. Steel Hour* with Ann Sheridan. Because my performance was well received, my fee on future shows doubled." Theo does not crab about TV scripts. "I find TV challenging. The only time I turn down a script, it will be because of type-casting." He remembers only one bad experience with a TV director. "Just as we went on the air, I felt a tug on my trousers. There was the director crawling on the floor, whispering, 'Cut the first six lines.' That was wrong. A man shouldn't lose faith in his show just as it goes on." Theo can currently be seen in the new movie, "Enemy Below," and this month makes a one-man concert tour of the Midwest, Southwest and California. He is an exceptional folk-singer (listen to his Elektra album, "An Actor's Holiday"), and was given a month's leave of absence from the Broadway show to make the tour. A bachelor, he admires American women. "Their only fault is their men. American men are either too (*Continued on page 9*)



Only fault of American women, says Vienna's Theo Bikel, is their men.



No matter how active you are all day...New Mum stops odor without irritation

If you've ever worried about your deodorant failing, or about underarm stinging or burning from using a deodorant daily—now you can set your mind at ease.

New Mum will stop odor right through the day and evening. It's so gentle for normal skin you can use it right after shaving. Mum gives you the kind of protection you can't get from any other leading deodorant. It works a *different* way!

Contains no aluminum salts

Mum Cream is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor . . . contains no astringent aluminum salts. And it keeps on working actively to stop odor 24 hours a day with M-3—Mum's own hexachlorophene that destroys *odor and odor-causing bacteria.* Try Mum!

SO GENTLE FOR ANY NORMAL SKIN
YOU CAN USE IT FREELY EVERY DAY



AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LAUNDERING CERTIFIED
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

WON'T DAMAGE CLOTHES

MUM® contains M-3...stops odor 24 hours a day
(BACTERIA-DESTROYING HEXACHLOROPHENE)

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Your Home is Your Business

As Mrs. Page, she's
WJR's homemaking expert—
as Mrs. Agnes May,
she practices
what she broadcasts



Akin to those at Monticello, gate-leg table is hand-rubbed, colors with age.



As Mrs. May, or "Mrs. Page," her thoughts are "home-ly" ones.



Silver tea service, from an English estate, was found at New York auction.



Credenza is late-Victorian and displays Italian lamp, German figurines and Louis XVI hinged box.

A HOUSEWIFE, says Agnes May, is an executive. To Mrs. May—alias Mrs. Page of Detroit's Station WJR—the business of running a home is every bit as important, and complicated, as any commercial business enterprise. As Mrs. Page, she's adviser to these "businesswomen," each Monday through Saturday, at 9:15 A.M., when WJR's 50,000-watt voice carries her homemaking help over an area that includes four states and also southwestern Ontario. . . . Mrs. Page, or Agnes May, has been in radio for twenty-two years and has been WJR's Home Economics Director for the past twelve-and-a-half years. She's wife to Alfred L. May, vice-president of the Byrnes-McCaffrey, Inc. insurance company, mother-in-law to a Chrysler Corporation engineer, and proud-as-a-peacock grandmother to two. On or off the air, her heart dwells on the home. . . . The time Mrs. May spends on the care and maintenance of her spacious Detroit apartment, or the menus she plans for her husband and their frequent guests, supply many of the problems—and their solutions—which "Mrs. Page" eventually discusses on the air. In the line of duty, Mrs. May attends antique shows, auctions and many other affairs involving women's activities. But Mrs. May, an enthusiastic collector of antique china, silver, glass and furniture, makes many a private purchase while she's covering these professional assignments. . . . Mrs. May is fascinated by all manner of decorating. She makes her own hats and occasionally concocts a hand-sewn dress, too. But it's floor and wall space and the problem of how to fill them that really set Mrs. May aglow. She's decorated two suburban homes of her own and her present apartment, and she makes a standing offer to all her friends to decorate their homes. She makes no charge, profits in esthetic satisfaction only. . . . The May apartment itself has a modified, French Provencal motif, supplemented by antiques from all over the world. The result is a semi-formal appearance and the kind of comfort a man can bask in after a hard day at work. . . . Mrs. May has still another interest—thoroughbred horses—and horse shows are perhaps the only events she attends purely as a spectator. At all other times, Agnes May keeps an alert eye open for anything that might interest her fellow "businesswomen." Then, Mrs. Page tells 'em about it.

What's New from Coast to Coast

(*Continued from page 7*)

flippant or too austere. They either treat women like nothing or put them on a pedestal. Either extreme is bad. It ruins a marriage."

By Land and By Air: David Nelson teasing his paternal grandparents, who live in New Jersey, that he may just parachute in one day. A rugged sportsman, Dave is considering high-jumping for recreation. Rick, on the other hand, prefers the good earth and has just switched from sport cars to motorcycles. . . . Quote from Don McNeill on TV: "It's too much work. I'll never do another variety format again, although I might go for a panel show." . . . Another great Don, Ameche by name, is very hopeful about emceeing a new TV musical quiz. . . . There's a Cinderella story behind the new rock 'n' roll hit, "Hey, Schoolgirl." Two sixteen-year-olds, Tom Graph and Jerry Landis of Forest Hills High School, Long Island, N.Y., decided to spend five bucks to have their song privately recorded. A record exec overheard and, on the spot, signed them up to do it on the Big Record label, and so a hit was born. . . . This has been a great year for Louis Armstrong on TV, and it may be even greater. An exciting idea in the works is to star the great man of jazz in a spec of his own based on his fabulous Decca album, "Satchmo, A Musical Autobiography of Louis Armstrong," in which Louis recreates in narrative and music the story of his career. The album, well worth the two years of production, succeeds where many musical specs have failed, for it sustains the mood in telling the story of the world's greatest jazz man. . . . And, speaking of music, Patti Page turned down a guest appearance on one of TV's oldest and top-rated shows because she thinks so little of the program's orchestra. . . . Good sign of radio's comeback: An increasing number of requests for studio tickets.

Very Special Guy: Pat Conway, sheriff of *Tombstone Territory,* is a very unusual actor type. He's just as shy as he is nice. A reporter's pencil or a photographer's camera gets him flustered. Pat is 26, stands six-two. With his six-shooters, he weighs 195; without them, 185. His eyes are blue or green, depending on the light. His father, the late Jack Conway, was a famous director. "I still have trouble getting acting roles in movies. They insist I'm too young. They still remember me in my little angel outfit on the way to do a school play." Now he plays a hard law man in *Tombstone,* although he is the only sheriff in all of TV to tote a shotgun. "That's realism," he says. "Sheriffs really carried shotguns in those days, as a riot gun. How else could they break up a mob fight?" Pat lives alone. "I have (*Continued on page 11*)

ADVICE ON
SKIN BLEMISHES
FROM

CLEARASIL PERSONALITY of the MONTH

PAT FERRER, *Graduate '57, Westhampton Beach High School, L. I., N. Y.*



Meet popular Patricia Ferrer and some of her lively friends. Pat took top honors in high school in home economics . . . she's a beauty contest winner, too. Pat loves music, dancing, swimming, dramatics. She works as a receptionist in a busy office. When you're meeting people as often as Pat, you simply can't let pimples keep you from looking your best . . .

Read what Pat did: *"I had more than my share of blemishes and blackheads and tried everything from egg whites to prescriptions, without results. One of my girl friends suggested Clearasil. I tried it and it did wonders. I thank Clearasil for the clear, smooth skin I have today."*

Pat Ferrer
East Moriches, Long Island, N. Y.

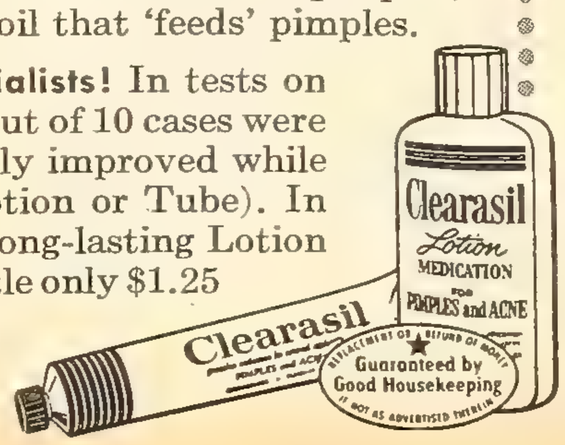
Millions of young people have proved . . .

SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION 'STARVES' PIMPLES

Skin-Colored . . . *hides pimples while it works!* CLEARASIL can help you, too, gain clear skin and a more appealing personality.

Why Clearasil Works Fast: CLEARASIL's 'keratolytic' action penetrates pimples. Antiseptic action stops growth of bacteria that can cause pimples. And CLEARASIL 'starves' pimples, helps remove excess oil that 'feeds' pimples.

Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of 10 cases were *cleared up* or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (Lotion or Tube). In Tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Long-lasting Lotion in handy squeeze bottle only $1.25 (no fed. tax). *Money-back guarantee.* At all drug counters.



Would your experience help others?

You, too, may have had skin problems and found Clearasil helped end them. When you think of the wonderful relief that effective treatment can bring, you may want to help others. You can, by writing us a letter about your experience with Clearasil. Attach a recent photograph of yourself (a good close-up snapshot will do). You may be the next CLEARASIL PERSONALITY of the MONTH. Write: Clearasil, Dept. AJ, 180 Mamaroneck Ave., White Plains, N. Y.

SPECIAL OFFER: For 2 weeks' supply of CLEARASIL send name, address and 15¢ to Box 260-BW (for Tube) or Box 260-BX (for Lotion), Eastco, Inc., New York 46, N. Y. Expires 3/31/58.

Largest-Selling Pimple Medication In America (Including Canada)

ELMER'S TUNES

. . . plus that inimitable Childress charm spread the good word over KARD-TV



Versatility's equation: E.C. was a gospel singer, announcer, emcee and performer on a KARD-TV Western hour, now boss man of his own shows.



Kind landlord and cartful of food once kept Elmer from tossing in the sponge.

GIVE THIS MAN a microphone, face him with the little red light of the television camera and, whatever the occasion, he'll turn out a top-notch show. Elmer Childress is of that rare species—the all-around performer. And a handsome one, at that! Elmer's current show on Wichita's KARD-TV, *Organ Music And Hymns,* features the Wichita favorite on piano and vocals, Shirley Rule at the organ, and leading gospel quartets as guests. The "live" week-day offering, seen at 12:45 P.M., has soared in popularity, while Elmer's Saturday-ayem *Junior Auction* is tops with the younger crowd. . . . A quartet singer since the age of twelve, Elmer was born to an Arkansas farm family. As a teenager, he sang throughout the Midwest and, for a time, was billed at the Cocoanut Grove. Elmer met his lovely wife June when they sang on the same program in Missouri, some nine years ago. Money was scarce for the young entertainers (it was to get even scarcer), but they were much in love and dauntless, and married within three months. A few years later, Elmer was singing (for love and a supper) with a gospel quartet in California; their fifteen-month-old daughter, Pamela, was in the hospital following an auto accident; and the rent was three months overdue. Just when Elmer and June were awaiting the landlord's dun, they discovered him struggling up the stairs with a whole cartful of groceries to raise their spirits—and nutrition level. . . . Elmer continued with his singing and soon landed a radio job. At KARD-TV, the versatile young announcer now does two shows of his own, plus spot commercials throughout the day and evening. . . . Elmer's schedule gets a bit hectic at times, but daughter Pamie, like the real trouper she is, understands his problems perfectly. One Saturday morning, her dad's teen-age assistant on *Junior Auction* called up to say she couldn't make it that day. Pamie, now eight and a regular viewer of the show, assured him she knew all the business and could do it. She did, and so well that Elmer now hires her to help out on appropriate commercials. . . . In return, Elmer instructs Pam in piano. Three-year-old Debra is the baseball fan in the family. She watches the games on TV with her dad when Pam and Mom have shopping to do. The Childresses are raising a fine family. Elmer's career, meanwhile, has reached its majority—by the giant steps of an important talent.



On the move at all hours, Elmer really enjoys quiet time with June and "troupers" Debra, 4, and Pam, 8.

What's New from Coast to Coast

(*Continued from page 9*)

the tiniest apartment in Beverly Hills. Kind of a packing box with gray walls. I don't dare turn up my hi-fi for fear of blowing out the ceiling." Pat's special hobbies are sailing and cooking. "These interests are only surpassed by my love for girls." He isn't engaged, but he has a very special girlfriend, TV and movie actress Pam Duncan. Says Pat, "We met on the set of *Tombstone*. We fought and argued so much that first day we suddenly decided that we must like each other very much. And we do."

Pint-sized Queen: Seven-year-old Evelyn Rudie, who met TV audiences first as "Eloise," is filming new comedy situation series to be projected next season as the *Evelyn Rudie Show*. But, at the Plaza Hotel, she is still remembered as Eloise. During her visit in New York City to appear on *The Patrice Munsel Show*, the Plaza had to call out a troop of plumbers. Evelyn had turned on the tub tap and had let it roar until the bathroom was flooded. "I just wanted to see how much water it would take before the water came out of the door's keyhole." She is very much a practical joker and recalls with glee the concoction she made for Dean Martin in the Fox commissary. "I got a water glass and put in salt, pepper, sugar, bread crumbs, pistachio and coffee ice cream, noodle soup and pea soup, mashed potatoes, gravy and chocolate syrup. Dean said he liked it fine but it needed a little more salt." In New York City she was reconciled with a lad she calls her "husband." This is young actor Tommy White, who plays Beany in TV's *Love Of Life*. During the interview, Tommy was chased from the room and Evelyn trampolined on the bed as she answered the following questions: *What are your favorite TV shows?* I like comedies, cowboys, murders, cartoons and variety. I also like the lager-beer commercials. *What are your favorite toys?* I have 82 books, 47 dolls and about 80 stuffed animals. *Who is your favorite singer?* Elvis Presley. *Do you dance to rock 'n' roll?* Yes. I do the Charleston. *Whom do you hope to have as your leading man when you star in films?* Robert Stack or Roy Rogers. *Do you believe in fairies?* Oh, yes, and I believe in Santa Claus, too. When we go to church on Christmas Eve, we lock the door, and when we come back there are presents under the tree. Now I know our friends wouldn't unlock our door and my parents are in church, too. So it has to be Santa Claus who comes.

True Love: Lots of people had Cupid confused with a press agent, but, during Christmas week, Eydie Gorme and Natalie Wood proved them wrong. Eydie wed Steve Lawrence, Natalie landed Bob Wagner. That's good hunting, in any season.



I was afraid of my shadow

...now I am the most popular woman in town

Are you shy . . . timid . . . afraid to meet and talk with people? If so, here's good news for you! For Elsa Maxwell, the famous hostess to world celebrities, has written a book packed solid with ways to develop poise and self-confidence.

This wonderful book, entitled *Elsa Maxwell's Etiquette Book*, contains the answers to all your everyday social problems. By following the suggestions given in this book you know exactly how to conduct yourself on every occasion. Once you are *completely familiar* with the rules of good manners you immediately lose your shyness—and you become your true, radiant self.

Win New Respect

Win new esteem and respect from your friends—men and women alike. Take less than five minutes a day. Read one chapter in this helpful etiquette book in your spare time. In a very short period you will find yourself with more self-confidence than you ever dreamed you would have. You will experience the wonderful feeling of being looked up to and admired. Gone will be all your doubts and fears. You will be living in a new, wonderful world. You will never fear your own shadow again!

Go Places—With Good Manners

Good manners are one of the greatest personal assets you can possess. Good jobs, new friends, romance, and the chance to influence people can be won with good manners. Ladies and gentlemen are always welcome . . . anywhere. And the most encouraging thing about good manners is that anyone can possess them.

A Gay, Entertaining Book

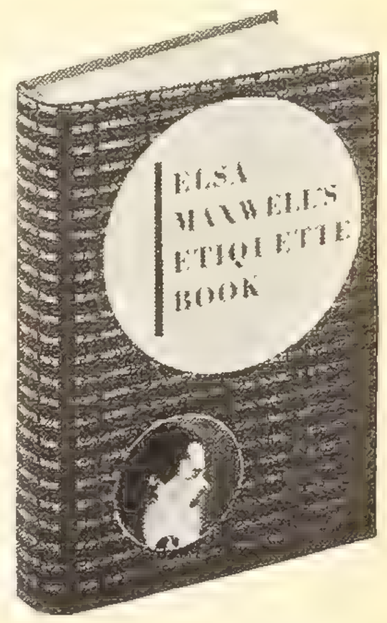
Elsa Maxwell's new book is different from the usual dry-as-dust etiquette volume. It's gay! It's up-to-date! It's just chock-full of the type of information you can put to immediate use. It brings you a thorough social education, that will enable you to live a richer, happier life.

Here in clear, straightforward language are the answers to all your everyday etiquette problems. Here you find important suggestions on good manners in restaurants—in church—in the theatre—on the street—and when you travel.

In this book Elsa Maxwell covers every phase of engagements and weddings. Here is everything you need to know about invitations, gifts, the wedding dress, the attendants, the reception, etc. The bride who follows the suggestions contained in this up-to-date book need have no wedding fears. She will be radiant in the knowledge that her wedding is correct in every detail.

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The price of this book that puts you at ease no matter where you are — and opens the door to achievement and success—is only $1.00. And we pay the postage! Take advantage of this truly remarkable bargain. Mail coupon below for your book —TODAY.



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NAME.....
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STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

and so they were Married...

Exclusive picture story of the star-studded wedding of Jack Linkletter and Barbara Hughes



December 21 was the happiest day of 1957, at this gala wedding in Pasadena's Oneonta Congregational Church! Left to right, Lois Linkletter and son Jack, bride Barbara ("Bobbie") and mother, Mrs. Hughes—with TV-radio star Art Linkletter in strong supporting role as "father of the groom."



Bobbie's attendants (l. to r.): Sharon Linkletter, Jean Odmark, Ann Jorgenson, Dawn Linkletter, sister Jacqueline Hughes—and ring-bearer Diane Linkletter.



Both mothers helped Bobbie dress in gown she herself designed from French Chantilly lace which Lois Linkletter had brought back from trip to Hong Kong.



Jack got real help from best man, best friend Dick Davis! Admittedly nervous, Jack most regretted time away from Bobbie—"longest day we ever spent apart!"



With vows exchanged, however, Jack and his beloved Bobbie could look forward, from now on, to a whole lifetime together—truly, "till death us do part."



Officiating: Dr. James Peterson —the professor for their "Family and Marriage" class at U.C.L.A.



Kiss of eternal devotion had heartfelt meaning (though Jack had trouble with Bobbie's veil).



Now for the reception! Church wedding director, Mrs. Gentry, lent helping hand to newlyweds.

Continued

and so they were Married...

(Continued)



Reception was held at Oneonta Church, with music provided by Muzzy Marcellino and his band from Art Linkletter's *House Party.* Guests were: Bob Cummings, Charles Correll of *Amos 'N' Andy,* producer John Guedel, 500 others!



Devoted family man, Art was more than happy to welcome Bobbie to the ever-growing Linkletter clan. Big day's almost over, but bright future lies ahead.



Cutting the cake was climax of the gay celebration. (Bobbie's "something old" was antique pearl earring of her mother's. "New"—a shiny penny in her shoe.)



Departure: "Aloha" from best-man Davis. Jack and Bobbie spent first days of honeymoon at Hana Ranch on Isle of Maui, last days at Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Honolulu—with stop, in between, at Cocoanut Island.



View from apartment in Hollywood Hills looks wonderful to new Mr. and Mrs. Linkletter. Bobbie plans to teach physical education at Beverly Hills High, while Jack completes Telecommunications course at U.S.C.

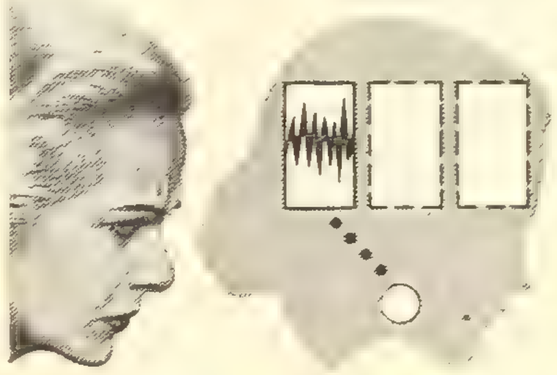
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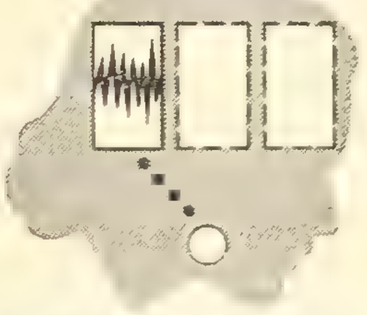
gives more complete relief from

TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES

better than aspirin...
even with buffering action



BECAUSE ASPIRIN contains only one pain reliever.....



ADD BUFFERING ACTION
and you still have only one



BUT ANACIN relieves pain, calms nerves, fights depression

Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a *combination* of medically proven ingredients. Anacin (1) promptly relieves pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. (2) Calms nerves—leaves you relaxed. (3) Fights depression. In this way, Anacin gives you more complete relief than you get from aspirin, even with buffering . . . and Anacin does *not* upset the stomach. Buy Anacin Tablets today!



3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients of ANACIN

INFORMATION BOOTH



348 aren't enough for E. G. Marshall, who'll be self-employed this summer.



Doll, blond braids notwithstanding, pert Patty McCormack is growing up.



Mutual aid society became marriage pact for Wayde Preston and Carol.

Initials on the Q.T.

Could you write something about E. G. Marshall, who's in many TV dramas?
Mrs. M. G., Springfield, Mass.

TV-award winner E. G. Marshall is right in the middle of one of the busiest years in his career. Recent screen credits include "Man on Fire," "Twelve Angry Men," and "Bachelor Party." Viewers know Marshall best for expert performances in a raft of TV dramas ("about 348," at last count). . . . But heavy schedules in three mediums (Marshall is a Broadway regular, too) only whet the theatrical appetite. This summer, the versatile actor plans to start a new theater up in the vacation country of New England. Marshall (who, by the way, won't tell anyone what the initials "E.G." stand for) says he got his first experience as a repertory player with the touring Robert Breen group. He points to his starring role in "The Iceman Cometh" as the most memorable, and credits the fact to the late Eugene O'Neill's careful and inspired direction. . . . When in New York, Marshall is an apartment dweller. But, at least once a month, he and wife Emy and their beagle, "Rusty," hie themselves off to Vermont. The man of the house says he hauls boulders and pulls up stumps for a while and then . . . "I sit up in a tree and watch the deer browse." Explaining his devotion to the great outdoors, Marshall points to his small-town upbringing. He's from Owatonna, Minnesota—"and they don't come much smaller than that."

Acting on the Cuff

Please give me some information on Wayde Preston, star of ABC-TV's Colt .45.
J.K.B., Black Creek, Wis.

The starring role in the projected series was going begging until Wayde Preston, "a man from Laramie," appeared on the testing screen. The 27-year-old Korean vet had never acted before, but the test showed real promise. Since he'd been brought up on a ranch, he could ride and shoot straight. More important, Wayde Preston looked the part of Chris Colt. With a natural Western drawl, he sounded the part, too . . . . Born in Steamboat Springs, Colorado, Wayde moved with his family to Laramie, Wyoming, where his dad taught school. Wayde learned bass fiddle and, during student days at University of Wyoming, earned tuition with his small jazz combo. . . . Handsome Wayde admits he had acting "in the back of my mind." So, as a result of a chance meeting with a Hollywood agent, Wayde decided to study seriously. In return for acting lessons, Wayde was supposed to teach Carol Ohmart swimming and riding. They kept to the original contract, but got married, too. In California, Wayde worked in electronics till last July, when he passed the test for *Colt .45*. Says he, "I'm right proud the Warner outfit put their brand on me."

Moppet to Miss

Would you please write about Patty McCormack, seen often on Playhouse 90?
H.D.F., Salt Lake City, Utah

Pre-teen Patty McCormack is growing up. Being twelve only partly explains the new state-of-mind. In recent castings, the blond, blue-eyed actress has played girls her own age—and loved it! She puts it this way: "In *Mama*, I was a moppet. Ingeborg was the youngest child in the family. 'The Bad Seed' was still a child's part. Rhoda thought like a little girl. But 'Toby Green' (in 'Child of Trouble'—a *Playhouse 90* production) had the courage to walk straight into the heart of a prison riot. She was only in her teens," explains Patty, "but I think she was an adult." . . . A model at four, Patty was an actress at eight. She was being tutored to correct a slight speech defect, when her teacher discovered her ability and recommended her for a new play, "Touchstone." That was Patty's touchstone to TV. . . . In the recent past, Patty has loved both dolls and baseball, and often competed with the neighborhood boys on sandlots near her Long Island home. She attends Mace School in Manhattan and hopes to be "a really good actress in the future."

Calling All Fans

The following fan clubs invite new members. If you are interested, write to address given—*not* to TV Radio Mirror.

1958 "Miss America" Fan Club (Marilyn Van Derbur), c/o Stephen Batson, Rt. 4, Lanier Heights Road, Macon, Ga.

Robert Horton International Fan Club, c/o Miss Pat McFarland, 804 Kemps Ave., Appleton, Wis.

Rick Nelson Fan Club, c/o Sharon Rautenberg, Pres., 1738 N. Lynhurst Drive, Speedway City, Ind.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, *205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether it concerns radio or TV. Sorry, no personal answers.*

TV RADIO MIRROR goes to the movies

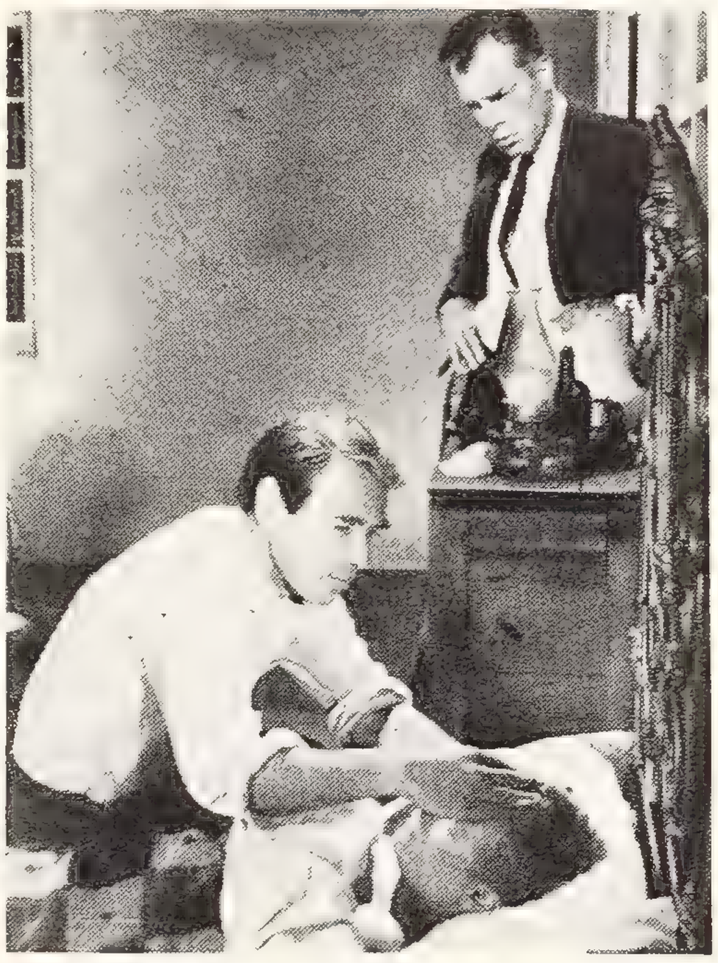
TV favorites on your theater screen



Fear and distrust forgotten, Virginia Mayo looks tenderly on Clint Walker.



Young Peter Brown relies on James Garner's leadership as a clash nears.



Charged with brutality, Lee Marvin watches as Gary tends Brandon's hurt.



Advice from manager Edmond O'Brien has a powerful effect on Tommy's life.

By JANET GRAVES

Darby's Rangers

WARNERS

Off with the Western togs of *Maverick*, on with the battle outfit of modern times—and James Garner steps out in his first important movie lead. Garner's striking appearance and firm presence lend themselves well to the real-life role of Col. Darby, organizer of the hard-hitting Ranger unit that distinguished itself in North Africa and Italy. Fine character actor of many TV dramas, Jack Warden is cast as the stalwart noncom who is the officer's friend. Woman trouble, as well as combat, worries the young soldiers under Garner's command: but he remains dedicated to victory and his men's welfare as he faces death with them.

Fort Dobbs

WARNERS

No change of scene for husky Clint Walker of TV's *Cheyenne*—his theater-screen stardom keeps him out in the wide open spaces. Fleeing a murder charge through territory ravaged by Comanches, Clint protects Virginia Mayo and her little son, Richard Eyer, though Virginia suspects that Clint has killed her husband. Brian Keith, a familiar figure in action tales on your home screen, plays a sinister part in this fast-moving Western.

Sing Boy Sing

20TH, CINEMASCOPE

Movie version of "The Singin' Idol," the TV play that shot Tommy Sands to fame, this vigorous music-drama gives Tommy a lucky Hollywood launching. He's at ease as the back-country singer who forgets Grandpa John McIntire's religious teachings when success comes too fast. Edmond O'Brien gives expert assistance as the promoter who handles the boy's skyrocketing career, and Lili Gentle plays Tommy's girl.

The Missouri Traveler

BUENA VISTA, TECHNICOLOR

In a homespun tale livened by comedy that will please the small fry, young Brandon de Wilde (the likable kid of "Shane") shows growing stature. As a self-reliant orphan on his own in a country town of about 1910, the lad is befriended by newspaper owner Gary Merrill (a TV regular). Lee Marvin, usually a movie bad guy, but a television good guy in *M Squad*, here has a chance to play it both ways, as a tough farmer.

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

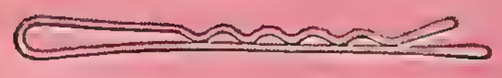
Old Yeller (Buena Vista, Technicolor): Disney-produced, it's one of the screen's best boy-and-dog stories. Tommy Kirk is fine as older son of Fess Parker and Dorothy McGuire, pioneer Texas farm couple.

The Seven Hills of Rome (M-G-M; Technirama, Technicolor): Gay feast of music, shot in Italy, casts Mario Lanza as an American singer seeking a new start.

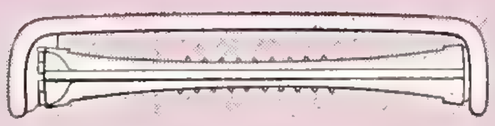
The Deep Six (Warners, Warnercolor): Stirring sea-action yarn of War II stars Alan Ladd, with strong assists from Bill Bendix, Keenan Wynn, James Whitmore.

DISCOVERED BY PROCTER & GAMBLE

First and only permanent with pin curl ease, rod curl strength



PIN CURLS FOR THE CROWN. "Top hair" needs this softer wave... and Lotion plus new Liquifix give longer lasting quality to these pin curls.



ROD CURLERS FOR SIDES, back, top front give added curl-strength to harder-working areas... now doubly reinforced by Lotion and new Liquifix.



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Apply Lotion and Liquifix with New Target-Point Squeeze Bottle

Wonderful new soft waves that last and last!
A wonderful new method, wonderful new Liquifix

It's here! The first, the only all-over permanent with the ease and the lasting quality you've asked for...yet it's so unbelievably soft and natural. That's because new PIN-IT gives the right kind of waves for the different areas of your hair...then locks in your permanent with special lotion and new Liquifix neutralizer. Best of all, this new Twice-a-Year PIN-IT keeps your hair just the way you like it, from the first day to months later.

Married Life with LAWFORD

Peter's warm, gay romance is both modern and traditional—in the most up-to-date Thin Man tradition

By FREDDA BALLING

NOW AND THEN, a player is fortunate enough to meet up with a role that fits him as faithfully as his own shadow. Peter Lawford, meet Nick Charles of *The Thin Man*! The role of Nick is a particularly demanding one, because it requires the player to display—simultaneously—sophisticated charm, egghead astuteness, and casually cool cast-iron courage. When this part was offered to Peter Lawford (he didn't seek it), he colored with delight and a surprise which revealed his honest humility. He hadn't recognized "himself."

Pete Lawford, personally, is the sort of man you'd like to have for a friend—provided you are male. If you're female, your reaction to the Lawford charm would be more breathless than breezy—which brings up the fact that Pete is married.

That fact still astonishes a good many people. No one in Hollywood expected Pete to marry until he had to be pushed to the altar in a wheelchair. A list of the beautiful girls he dated in the past would read like a roster of upper-bracket members of both the Screen Actors Guild and the Social Register. Yet, through premieres and cotillions, barbecues and the Opera Ball, Pete never appeared to be impressed.

Why should he be? As the son of General Sir Sidney Lawford (who had served three kings and been knighted for his services to the crown), Peter had lived in the glamour capitals of the world before he ever came to Hollywood. Actually, he would have preferred to live on

Continued



Small daughter Sydney and son Christopher are learning they have a globe-trotting heritage. Father Pete was born in England, mother Pat is a Kennedy of Massachusetts—and their romantic paths first crossed in San Francisco.



Bachelor Pete was eligible—and elusive. So was Pat. Neither was easily impressed. In fact, Pat flew almost halfway 'round the world before she decided to fly back to him and say "yes"!



Today, they have a lovely beach home at Santa Monica, where warmth of sun and roar of surf are much nearer than memories of Pat's trip to Russia—or Pete's ill-fated flight to Mexico.

Peter Lawford is Nick Charles in *The Thin Man*, NBC-TV, Fri., 9:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Colgate Dental Cream, Palmolive Soap, other products.

Married Life with LAWFORD

(*Continued*)



Charles family, in *The Thin Man*: Pete as Nick, Phyllis Kirk as Nora —and their "plainclothes" dog Asta.

the Riviera, had it not been for his film career. To Peter, Hollywood provided a means of earning a living, but it was not a way of life. Hollywood beauties were charming social companions, but . . .

And then he met *the* girl in the least likely place on earth: The Republican National Convention in San Francisco in 1952. He had gone, an ardent Republican, as an observer. She had gone, an ardent Democrat, as an observer. What they observed, mainly, was each other.

They were introduced by mutual friends and Pete thought: *She looks like a good sort. Bet she plays tennis and swims.* She was tall, slender, freckled, blithely casual. She had the clear-eyed look and forthright poise of "the typical American girl." Peter had never met anyone quite like her: She disdained to flirt, refrained from the coquettish badinage to which Pete had grown accustomed. What she wanted to talk about was politics; she was profoundly interested in the state of the world and the future of the U.S.

She was, he concluded, sincere, intelligent, polished. And a little mischievous. Her name was Pat Kennedy, and she belonged to a family that is celebrated for its service to America.

Like Mardi Gras in New Orleans, or New Year's Eve in Times Square, a big political convention can catch up two people amid the crowds, fling



Lawford family at home. Pete's casual air conceals his sentimental self. There were diamond and golden gifts for Pat, when Christopher and Sydney were born. Other presents, any old time—"no special occasion, just *you*."

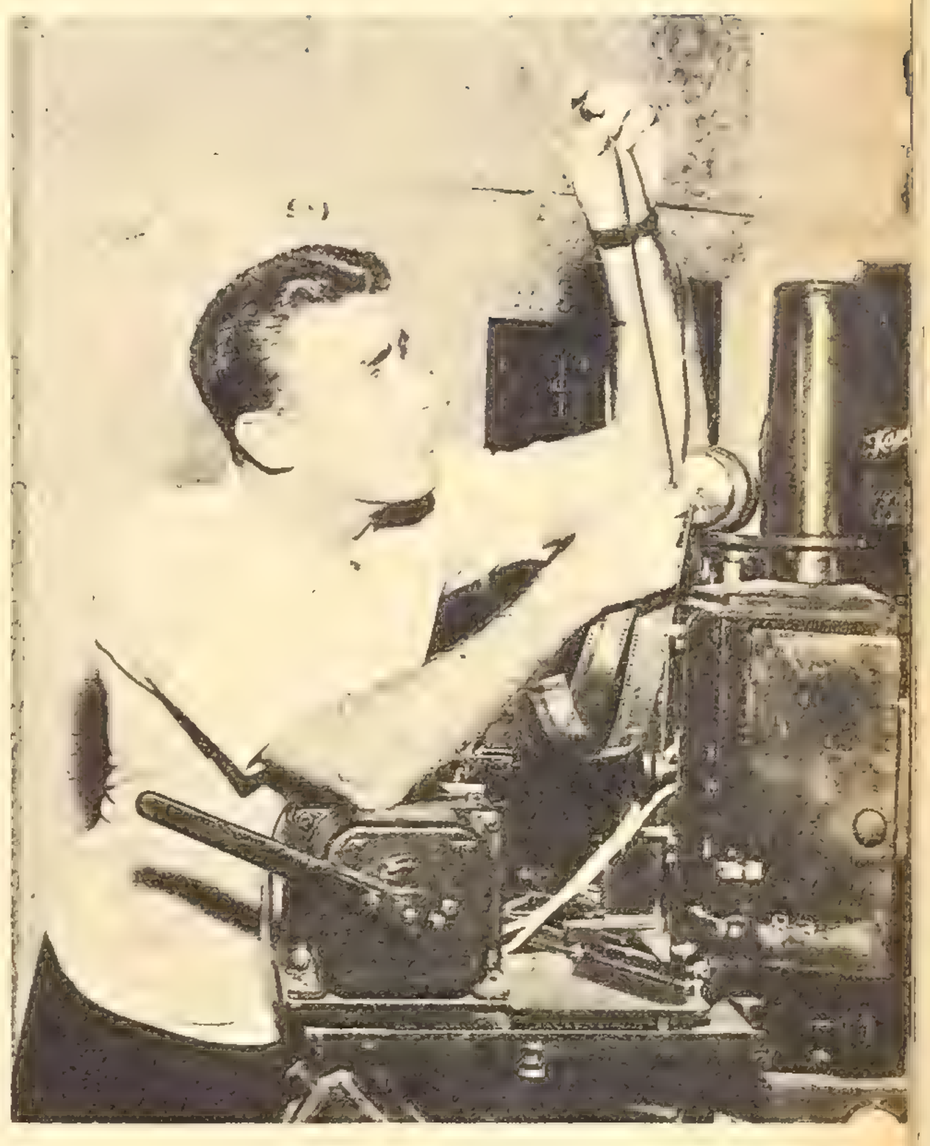
them together briefly, part them for an hour, reunite them for two. In such a telescoping of time, friends can become blood brothers, and casual acquaintances may become kissin' cousins. It didn't go quite that far for Pat and Peter. But, when they met on Fifth Avenue in New York, five months later, it was old home week.

After the first delighted greeting, each drew back and summoned a long breath of reorientation. Pete said that he had come East to appear on the Milton Berle show, and Pat said she was visiting with friends. She was flying to Miami for Christmas, then she and two of her brothers were to set out on a trip around the world.

How about luncheon the next day, Peter wanted to know. They could discuss the world—the one Pat was about to give her personal attention. "I'd enjoy that, but afterward I'd like to attend the McCarthy hearings," she said. "I think what is going on may be permanently important."

Pete decided that he had been right in the first place: This was no ordinary girl.

When they met in Miami during the Christmas holidays, Pete was more than ever convinced he had found uranium. Pat proved to be that rare gem, an excellent tennis player who could give a man a good game without beating him. She swam like a dolphin by day, (*Continued on page* **80**)



Pete in projection room at Santa Monica home. He can be serious, as well as gay, about any camera work.



Business combines with pleasure, when Keogh Gleason—MGM-TV's set director for *The Thin Man* (as seen on NBC-TV)—helps Pat and Pete choose upholstery fabrics to match their new rugs.

What's the Future of RADIO?

Arthur Godfrey hits straight from the shoulder in an outspoken appraisal of radio broadcasting

By MARTIN COHEN

A FEW YEARS AGO, radio suffered an acute case of televitis. Radio executives took to their beds and pulled blankets over their heads. Now some of these men are back on their feet and flexing their muscles. Are they just kidding themselves? Can radio make a comeback? Or will it degenerate into a third-rate squawk-box?

Arthur Godfrey was asked to discuss these questions because, in the opinion of many, he knows more about radio than any other man. In twenty-nine years in the medium, Godfrey has worked at independent stations, network stations and network headquarters. Today, as a performer, his voice is better known to the nation than that of any other man. But, in the past, Godfrey has served radio as an engineer, entertainer, announcer, program director and station manager. In those years, he has contributed much toward a healthy understanding of the medium.

Himself a thoughtful man, Dave Garroway expressed this recently, when Godfrey was a spectator at the auto races in Tampa, Florida. The very tall man in very big spectacles came up to the box, tapped Arthur's shoulder, and said, "I'm Dave Garroway, Arthur. I wanted to introduce myself and say thanks. I was sitting around with some of the fellows the other night, talking radio, and we decided that you were the guy who made it possible for people like myself to work."

Garroway has a good memory. Back about 1931—the same year Godfrey was smashed up in a car accident—radio was pretty frightful. Announcers sounded as though they had marbles in their mouths and rocks in their heads. They were vowel mechanics who mouthed stereotyped continuity. Godfrey, lying "in traction" in the hospital, listened and realized it was all wrong. He came to the conclusion that radio was an intimate medium—as intimate as a telephone conversation between friends. When he came back to the air, he threw away the paper words, the holier-than-thou diction and the false enthusiasm. He was the first, and he proved that his concept of radio was right.

Today, thanks to Godfrey, there are hundreds of honest personalities, the Garroways and the lesser known, who can work in radio and TV and be themselves. Today, Godfrey's popularity is greater than ever. But, today, radio isn't the healthy specimen it once was. Why? Where is it headed? In the following question-and-answer session, Godfrey gives the answers.

Has your concept of radio changed since the time when you lay in the hospital?

No. Of course, radio is effective when you're listening in on a symphony or ball game. But I still think it's most effective when understood as a medium in which one person is talking to another.

You have said that radio was your first love. Is that still true?

That's correct. I like radio because it gives me the opportunity to speak intimately, to be on intimate terms with you wherever you are—in the kitchen, the tub, the machine shop or the automobile. Parenthetically speaking, the automobile audience isn't to be sneezed at. It's in the millions. And radio is the only way to reach that audience.

Has radio suffered because of bad programming, or because of the competition from television?

I think it's the combination. Man wants to see, if he can, and so turns on television. But the very, very important thing is the selling impact of television. You know those little "cowcatchers" that run for twenty seconds in front of a show? Well, I know of one man who made his shampoo number-one in the country with that kind of advertising alone. "Impact selling" on TV is terrific, and you don't need a personality to present effective TV advertising. On the other hand, impact selling on radio without a personality has seldom been successful. There have been exceptions. The Pepsi-Cola jingle was one, but that hasn't happened often.

So, in answer to the question, there are three reasons radio has suffered: First, there is television itself—people want to see. Second, advertisers saw the terrific selling results in television and that's where they transferred the big names, with three or four exceptions. Third, radio threw in the towel—they had done little for long years, and I don't think they're doing much now to hold their audiences or get proper results for sponsors.

Where does responsibility lie for bad programming in radio?

The answer is in two places. First, the network and/or individual station brass, as the case may be, and second, the advertisers themselves, who too often take complete control of program content away from the station or network involved. Radio is still possessed of the same bad habits and false ideas which took over early in the history of commercial broad- (*Continued on page 75*)

The Ford Road Show Starring Arthur Godfrey is heard on CBS Radio, Monday through Friday, from 5:05 to 5:30 P.M. *Arthur Godfrey Time* is heard on CBS Radio, Monday-Friday, from 10 to 11:30 A.M.—seen on CBS-TV, Monday-Thursday, from 10:30 A.M.—under multiple sponsorship. *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* is seen on CBS-TV, Mon., 8:30 P.M., for Thomas J. Lipton, Inc., and The Toni Co. (All times EST)

CBS

Nine New



Lawrence Welk's Champagne Music Makers are an ever-growing organization

Always alert for well-trained talent,

maestro Lawrence Welk adds to his

Champagne Music Makers—with "finds"

from eight states and Canada!

By MAURINE REMENIH

IF THE Lawrence Welk band looks bigger than ever, it's no optical illusion! In recent months, nine new members have been added to the Champagne Music Makers—bringing the total to 33 (37, counting the Lennon Sisters). All nine have that all-American flavor which has marked the Welk organization from the beginning. There's a jazz clarinetist from New Orleans, a symphony-orchestra violinist from Oklahoma, a saxophone player from Massachusetts. In spite of such diverse backgrounds, Welk chose so wisely that—within days of joining the band—each felt so at home he might have been working with Welk for years.

Alvan Ashby, the tall, rangy baritone from Evansville, Indiana, was first a guest on *Top Tunes And New*

Men on the Welk Team



—now 32 men, plus Champagne Lady Alice Lon (opposite page), maestro Welk, and the young Lennon Sisters.

Talent, Welk's Monday-night show over ABC-TV, more than a year ago. At that time, Welk expressed a desire to keep him on as a regular, but didn't have a spot for him. Instead, he suggested that Alvan check with the Welk office "in a year or so."

"With anybody else but Mr. Welk saying that to me," Alvan laughs, "I'd have taken it as a polite brush-off. But I knew he meant it." When Alvan came out to California on a visit last summer, he did check with the Welk office, and was hired immediately.

Alvan comes from a musical family. His dad, Clifton Ashby, has been with the Southern Gas and Electric Company for thirty years. With Mrs. Ashby, he saw to it that his five youngsters were exposed to plenty of music as they grew up. They went to Sunday school at the Evangelical and Reformed Church, sang in the choir, and participated in family musical sessions. Alvan's brother Vernon, who still lives in Evansville, has been active for years with a barbershop quartet which sings at many community affairs in the area and has appeared at national conventions of barbershop harmonizers. His other brother, Clifton, lives in Washington, Indiana, and is more familiarly known as Trooper "Corky" Ashby, a member of the state police. Alvan's sisters are Mrs. Bertha Mae Fox of Evansville, and Mrs. Mary Williams of Lynnville, Indiana.

After graduation from high school, Alvan got not one but two jobs. During regular daytime hours, he worked

Continued



Home towns all over the United States: From left to right, Russ Klein of Worcester, Mass.; Pete Fountain of New Orleans; Jimmy Henderson of Wichita Falls, Texas; Art Depew of West Palm Beach, Fla. Below, Milwaukee's Kenny Trimble, between Jimmy and Art.

Nine New Men on the Welk Team

(*Continued*)

with the Servel Gas Refrigeration Company in Evansville. Early morning found him on his own hour-long radio program, over local station WGBF. It was that program which really was responsible for his getting a spot with Welk. Mrs. Pat Roper, program director of WGBF, and Alvan's accompanist, sent Welk a record of Alvan's voice, which won him that initial guest appearance.

It seems there are quite a few uncles, aunts and cousins in the Ashby clan. Last fall, when the Welk band stopped off in Evansville while on a cross-country tour, there were about 2,000 people waiting to meet them at the airport. One of the band members remarked (*Continued on page* 82)



The Lawrence Welk Show, ABC-TV, Sat., 9 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Dodge Dealers of America. *Lawrence Welk's Top Tunes And New Talent*, ABC-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M. EST, by Dodge and Plymouth. Welk's also heard on American Broadcasting Network; see local papers.

Lawrence Welk—with Ed Sobel, producer of his two big hour-long shows on ABC-TV—believes the public is entitled to nothing less than the best. He chooses his men so wisely that both music and makers seem to have grown up together, in one harmonious family.



Left, Billy Wright from Oklahoma City—who can play either symphonic violin or country-style fiddle. That's Russ Klein again, in striped shirt.



Youngest newcomer—and a bachelor—is tenor Maurice Pearson, 24, who was born in Montreal, Canada, and attended high school in Vancouver.



Baritone Alvan Ashby hails from Evansville, Indiana. Irish tenor Joe Feeney is from Grand Island, Nebraska. Now both sing for Welk.



Frequent guest is Betty Johnson, seen here 'twixt talent coordinator Tom O'Malley and star Jack Paar.

Talent for TONIGHT

By HELEN BOLSTAD

LET'S SAY you're young, you're good-looking, your friends think you can sing. Perhaps you've even cut a record on a local label. You know all about the other kids who have sung their way swiftly from the pogo-stick to pink-Cadillac class of transportation. With a little luck, it might happen to you. . . . Should you go to New York (or Hollywood)? Should you leave home, make the big break, pit your youth and eagerness against rival veterans' know-how?

The only one who can answer those questions is the aspiring performer who asks them of himself. He must find the answer in his own talent, his own training, his own heart, his own courage. But one of the best advisers to help you judge whether you are ready to try it is Tom O'Malley, talent coordinator for the Jack Paar show. He has become an authority, because *Tonight,* on NBC-TV, is the big magnet this season. "It seems as though all the kids who have strummed a guitar or sung at home beg, borrow or earn the train fare to New York and head right for my office," says Tom.

The *Tonight* show holds a special appeal to hopefuls. It has launched many young performers. *Tonight* itself has emerged from an underdog status and climbed to high ratings with a formula (*Continued on page* 66)

Tonight, starring Jack Paar, is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, between 11:15 P.M. and 1 A.M. EST; consult local newspapers for time in your area

If you're a young hopeful, ready to try your wings, these practical pointers from Jack Paar and his staff are "required reading" for success



Smash hit: Carol Burnett and her night-club ditty, "I Made a Fool of Myself Over John Foster Dulles."



Interview: Singer Louise Hoff with O'Malley. Applicants should have own song arrangements, bring accompanist.



Audition: O'Malley listens to Dear Sheldon with Dean's manager, Helen Keane, and accompanist Jack Olsen.



Returnee: Jack welcomes guest singer Trish Dwelley. Problem was never "professionalism"—too much previous experience—but an "amateur" lack of other preparation.



Regulars: Dody Goodman and Hugh Downs. The announcer for *Tonight* laughs at the thought that even the most expert makeup man can improve on Dody's impish charm!

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

SECOND GENERATION CHARMERS

The names are familiar but the talent is all their own, and each has his special appeal for the opposite sex

By ELSA MOLINA

RECENTLY, Hollywood has developed a new crop of matinee idols whose fathers achieved stardom long before them: Dave and Rick Nelson, Lindsay Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Jr., Ronnie Burns, Pat Wayne, and Tony Perkins. For jobs, these second-generation charmers are soaring on their own talents and don't have to depend on their well-known dads—Ozzie Nelson, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, George Burns, John Wayne, and the late Osgood Perkins.

They range in age from mid-teens to twenties. Each has exhibited a great deal of promise in the early stages of their respective careers, but each is an individual in his own right—so much so, not all are convinced that show business is indeed their future. There's just one thing they all have in common: Whatever their ages, they like girls!

Lindsay Crosby, youngest of Bing's brood, is five-feet-nine, a blue-eyed dreamboat with a strong mellow voice and his dad's easygoing personality. On leave from California's Fort Ord, where he enlisted a year ago, Lin displayed his pipes on CBS-TV's big Edsel show last October. He thrilled teenagers with his looks, and his voice reminded oldsters of Bing about thirty years ago.

The national consensus: Lindsay Crosby could have a big singing career if he wanted one. There is only one rub. Lindsay doesn't go for the show-business bit. It's okay for any-

Who ever heard of a Crosby who couldn't sing? Bing's youngest son, Lindsay, is no exception—he just has exceptional talent. But femme fans who've flipped for Lin may take exception to his career plans!



Already well established on *The George Burns And Gracie Allen Show,* Ronnie Burns doesn't need to butter up Dad for a show-biz break. In fact, he'd rather dance attendance on the girls—and he'd rather date a secretary than a starlet.

one else in the family, but Bing's youngest prefers business administration. Considering Bing's financial reputation and the conglomerate of interests arrayed under the Crosby Enterprises banner, Lin will have plenty to administer.

Since Lindsay's quite mature for his eighteen years, and also especially close to his dad, he will doubtless be able to do anything he wants when he leaves the Army and returns to college. Bing realizes Lindsay is both intellectually and emotionally mature, capable of knowing his own mind. Since Bing himself was a law student, he's sure to look fondly on Lin's choice of business administration for a career.

Lin is smart enough to know he's too young to marry, has been heard saying philosophically, "A husband should be able to provide for a family before he takes on responsibilities." He is looking forward to marriage—in the future.

Recently, he has been driving to Hollywood from Fort Ord for visits home and weekend dates. Asked if he has a one-and-only, he says, "Well, they all think they are number-one. I guess a real gentleman would want the girl he's with to feel that she is uppermost in his mind." Lin once saw a good deal of Nancy Sinatra, Frank's teen-age daughter. Someday there may be a romance there.

Like all the Crosbys, Lin is shy with strangers, but natural, unostentatious and full of life with his friends. Big interests are golf and cars. And, of course, singing is a family habit. Bing's own dad used to sit in the living room with his four

Continued

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

(Continued)

boys—Bing, Larry, Everett and Bob—quintetting the pop songs of the day. And, at Christmas, Grandfather Crosby and his boys went caroling from house to house.

From the time Lin was old enough to walk, Bing repeated this ritual, Beverly Hills fashion. The boys—including Lin—loved it. With such a solid sense of music in his background, singing may yet play a large part in this Crosby's career.

At twenty-two, Ronnie Burns is six-feet-one, has a swimmer's broad shoulders, is as easygoing and comfortable as a cashmere sweater. He never gets exercised about his "art" and doesn't think of himself as an "actor." On the other hand, he is never tense in front of the camera, and acts as easily as he breathes. Ronnie Burns comes across, on George's and Gracie's big CBS-TV show, just like Ronnie Burns.

Though he had only a small part in "Bernardine," the one movie he has made so far, he received a tremendous amount of fan mail. At this stage of his career, Ronnie doesn't want to specialize in either comedy or drama, would like to try his hand at as many roles as possible. For one filmed TV series, he recently played a killer—quite contrary to his own cheerful personality.

One of the things about Ronnie that makes him different is his eyes. The way he uses them, that is! Feminine letters indicate that he uses

Ad libs between two Sinatras, during rehearsals for Frank, Jr.'s debut on his father's TV show, proved how much alike father and son can be. But, quips the piano-playing Junior, "You'll never catch me pushing those mikes around."

Son of matinee idol Osgood Perkins, Anthony's finding fame on stage and films which may surpass his father's.



Ozzie Nelson can take real pride in sons Rick and Dave, who add so much to TV's *Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet.* Now Rick is also a top singer on records, Dave a rave actor in movies.

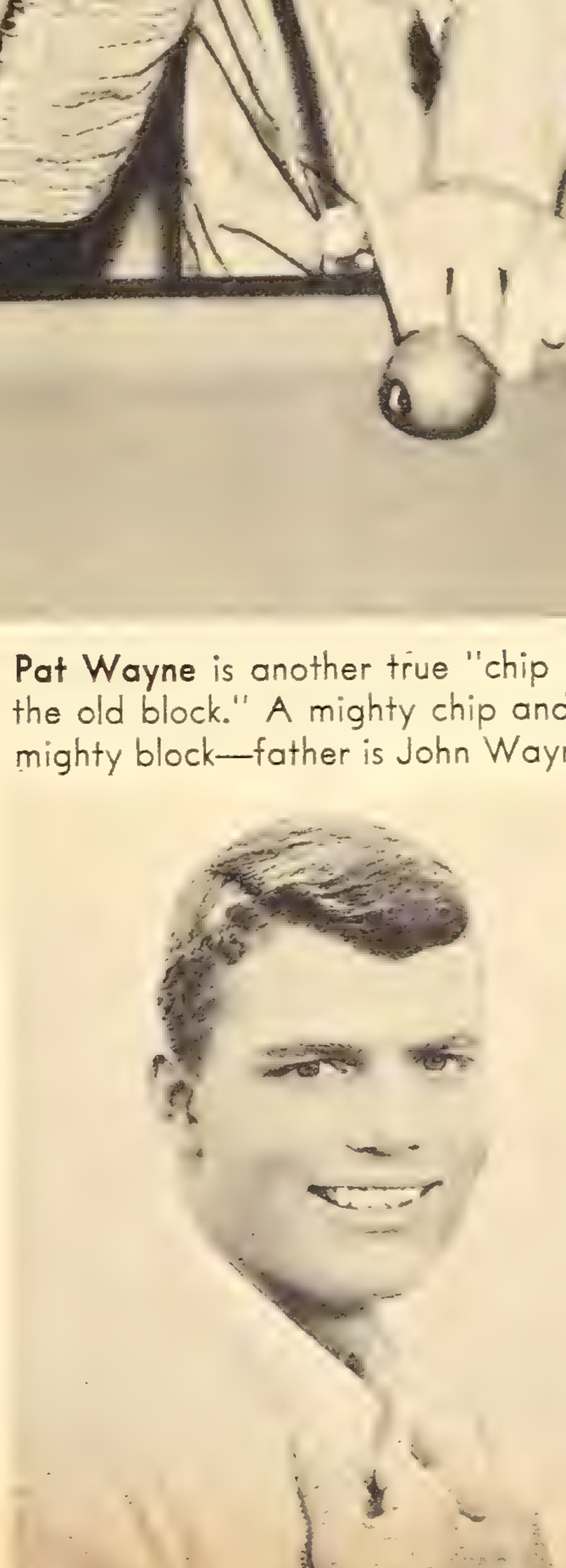
them to good advantage, though Ronnie himself swears that—whatever it is he does with his eyes—he's completely unaware of doing it.

Ronnie doesn't go steady with any girl, prefers not to date starlets, would rather take out a secretary or "someone I can talk to." While he has been very serious about some of his brief romances, he feels it's too early to consider marriage. His attitude toward girls is just like his attitude toward acting—low pressure. But, he says, when the right girl comes along, he'll know her.

Youngest of the second-generation glamour boys is black-eyed Frank Sinatra, Jr., who's a real chip off the old (*Continued on page* 78)

The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet, with David and Rick Nelson, is seen on ABC-TV, Wed., 9 P.M., as sponsored by Eastman Kodak. *The George Burns And Gracie Allen Show* is seen on CBS-TV, Mon., 8 P.M., for General Mills and Carnation Co. *The Frank Sinatra Show,* on ABC-TV, Fri., 9 P.M., for Chesterfield Cigarettes and Bulova Watch Co. (EST)

Pat Wayne is another true "chip off the old block." A mighty chip and a mighty block—father is John Wayne!





Mary Jane's "quiet" hobby is an interest in Indian art, such as this rare, historic basket. More actively, she loves to paint and repair—in ultra-casual clothes and Indian moccasins.



Husband Guy Sorel is also an excellent actor. Born in France, he helps Mary Jane study the language. He can really cook, too—when the incomparable Camille allows him near the stove!





This Is Nora Drake

By FRANCES KISH

NORA DRAKE, first assistant to the eminent psychiatrist who heads the Mental Hygiene Clinic of Page Memorial Hospital, is a nurse whose warmth of heart and humanity of soul go far beyond even the exacting requirements of her profession. That's why it was so difficult to find the right personality, the right "voice" for Nora, when the actress who had played her on CBS Radio for many years had to relinquish the role last fall. More than a hundred other actresses were auditioned before the list was gradually narrowed down to one: Mary Jane Higby . . . the one woman who could perfectly project this humanitarian woman, this interesting and exciting personality, to the millions who admire and love her.

Recently, Mary Jane was talking about this woman she has become. Her short-cropped blond curls danced as she moved about the room. Her hazel-green eyes were wide with enthusiasm. Her medium height seemed to stretch a little taller, as if better to carry off the crisp trimness of a nurse's uniform. Her own quiet dignity, under which you sense unplumbed depths of energy (*Continued on page* 84)

Mary Jane Higby stars in *This Is Nora Drake*, as heard over CBS Radio, M-F, at 1 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.



Like the gallant, understanding nurse she portrays on the air,

Mary Jane Higby always puts first things first—in both mind and heart

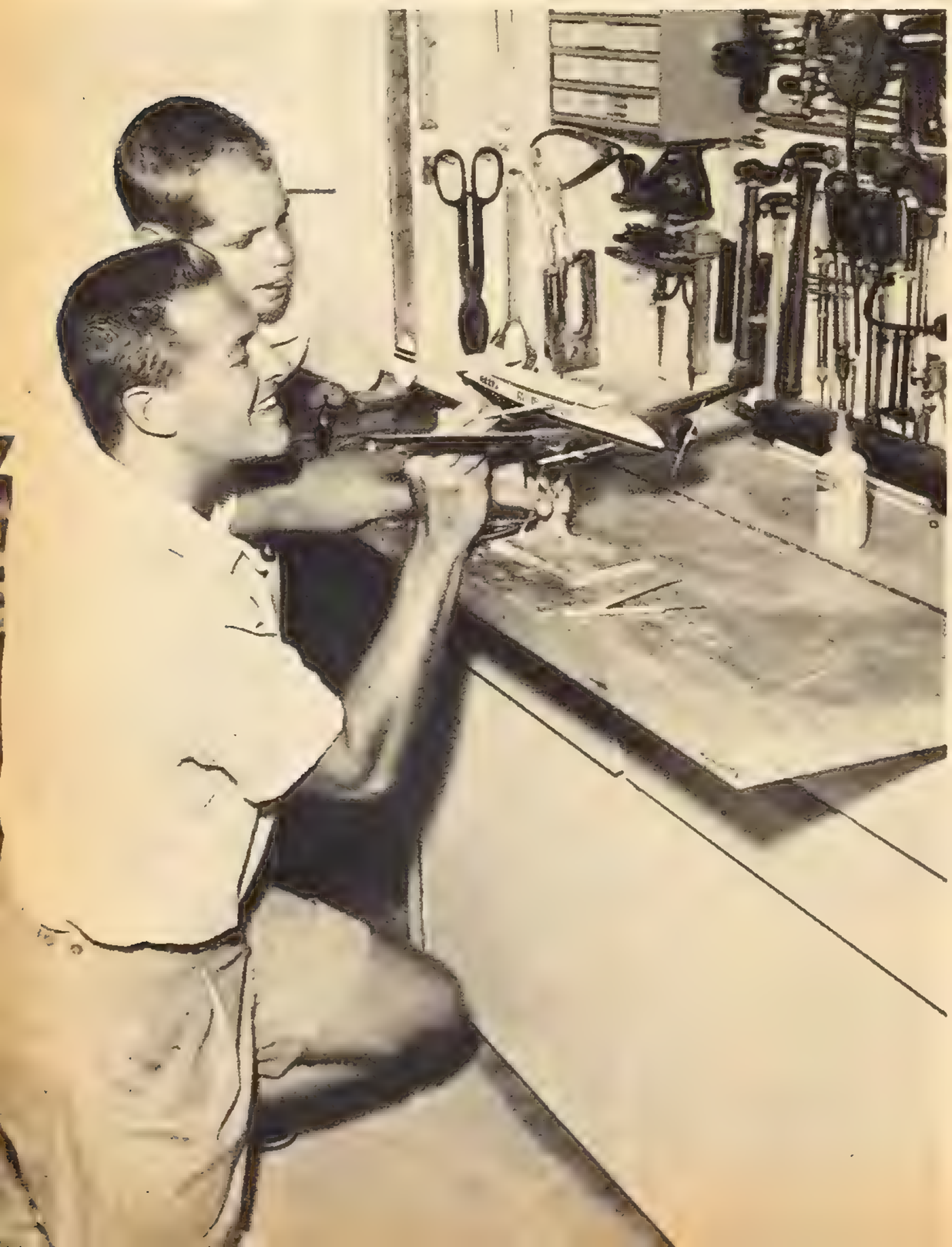
POP vs. PLAYBOY:

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF BOB CUMMINGS

To millions of viewers, he is TV's gayest Lothario. To the "one and only" Mary and their five offspring, he's the most devoted of husbands and fathers



Above, Bob with a future "cover girl"—daughter Sharon Patricia. Below, building a model plane with son Robert Richard. A colonel in the Air National Guard, Bob owns the plane he pilots in some episodes of his TV series.





Baby Anthony Bob, one year old, feels equally secure cradled in Bob's and Mary's arms—or carried in pseudo-Japanese style on mommy's back! Other youngsters clad in souvenirs from Bob's recent trip to the Orient are Robert Richard, 12, and—front, left to right—Laurel Ann, 3; Mary Melinda, almost 10; Sharon Patricia, 6½.

By NANCY ANDERSON

Bob Cummings, professional wolf, says goodnight. The rest of the party is staying on to catch the floor show, to have another drink and to swap sophisticated banter (at which Cummings himself is a master). But not handsome Bob. A glance at his watch has told him it's nine o'clock, and Cummings heads for home. On the television screen, he's made a career of night life. In reality, he seldom goes out but turns in almost as early as his five young children. His wolfish activities are limited to the work-day only. Free-handed, fast-living Bob Collins of *The Bob Cummings Show* is, off screen, an exponent of spartan living.

Suave Bob, who planned and plays the breezy Collins

continued





One facet of Bob Cummings' show does carry over into his private life—they're all "camera bugs"! Here Mary Melinda poses for Robert Richard, father Bob, Laurel Ann, mother Mary, and Sharon Patricia.



Busy as Bob's schedule is, he always finds time to play with his children and their little friends —getting tied up in chess with neighbor Maggie Wellman, or in Scout knots with son Robert Richard.



POP vs. PLAYBOY

(Continued)



Baby also gets Bob's time, though too young for show warm-up and pony money.

role, is really a domesticated fellow who retires early, gets up at 6:30 A.M., spends sober evenings studying lines, and gives his children "about fifty cents each" allowance. "But," he fondly admits, "they usually wangle more out of me. What children don't know how to get around their dads? I know mine don't suffer for want of anything."

Cummings' rigid self-discipline has arisen through necessity, not preference. Actually, there's a lot of wolfish Bob Collins deep in his creator's heart ("and in any man's," Cummings twinkles), but the Collins character is kept in check by a demanding work schedule and by devotion to a gorgeous wife and youngsters.

Cummings' spacious hilltop home in fashionable Beverly Hills reflects some of the complexities of Bob's personality as well as his excellent taste. The airy, colorful living room, with its soft green carpeting, rich green and coral couches, and vivid oil paintings, is a sophisticated blend of contemporary and Oriental decor. It's the perfect room for its owner in his playboy Collins role.

On the other hand, warm, dignified wood-tones of the library, as well as the subdued elegance of the entrance hall, reflect Bob Cummings, successful businessman, who has become friend of statesmen, industrialists, and even kings. A clutter of toys in the garage, playground equipment on the back lawn, and a sign in the drive, "Watch for children playing," are the tokens of Cummings, the doting father, who delights in discussing "our five children whom we adore."

Bob Cummings is a man of many facets, often in conflict with himself. As a father, he's thrilled by un-



Carving rewards of success for his happy brood, Bob feels his series has been a good idea for everyone. Audiences know what "playboy Collins" is missing. Pop Cummings isn't missing anything!

mistakable "ham" tendencies in his brood. "What do the kids think of the show?" he beams. "They love it. They even work on it whenever I can use them, and there's nothing they like better than going to a preview. They have a little act they do for the audience."

Television previews, though less publicized than movie previews, serve somewhat the same purpose. Shows put on film are run through for a live audience, and producers, directors and cast mark the reactions. (In addition, the engineers record a laugh-track then, which becomes part of the show, as the honest reaction of a live audience.) But, before the film starts rolling, stars of the show are introduced and exchange a few pleasantries with the crowd. It's during this "warm-up" that the young Cummingses perform.

With obvious pride, Bob describes the act: "The master of ceremonies comes out, of course, and welcomes the audience. Then he calls for Bob Cummings, and my oldest son goes down front. 'I don't mean you,' the announcer will say. 'I mean the' (*Continued on page* 79)

The Bob Cummings Show is seen on NBC-TV, Tues., 9:30 P.M. EST, sponsored alternately by Winston Cigarettes and Chesebrough-Pond's, Inc.



Made for the Part

The role of Timmy's mother in the Lassie show delights Cloris Leachman—for reasons delightfully personal!

by EUNICE FIELD

AT LONG LAST, the two worlds of Cloris Leachman have merged as one. It happened the day she was given the TV role of Ruth Martin—which the eldest of her three boys describes jubilantly as "*Lassie's* mama." And, for this miracle of casting, Cloris insists: "The dog must take the bow!" As with many other actresses, it had seemed to Cloris that the two great currents of her life—as a performer and as a homemaker—mostly ran in diverging courses. Now and then, they flowed in parallel lines, (*Continued on page* 70)

Cloris Leachman is seen in *Lassie*, CBS-TV, Sun., 7 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Campbell Soup Co.



At home, Cloris's own pooch, Gaby, watches family sport—"rassling." Adam, 4, and Brian 2, are the exponents here. But Cloris and husband George Englund also match friendly holds with all sons—except baby!

Lassie shows solid approval of her new TV "family"—Cloris Leachman and Jon Shepodd as the series' Ruth and Paul Martin.





Cloris likes to do own housework, but expert care of children's nurse Julia Harris (holding young George Howe Englund) makes it possible for Iowa-born actress to combine home and career as she always dreamed.



the Ring around Rosie

The family circle surrounding Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrer is rich in enduring love, as well as almost overwhelming talent



Talent isn't even a word yet to Gabriel Vicente Ferrer, born just last August. But the heritage is there. Papa Jose (right) is an award-winning actor and director of both stage and screen. Mama Rosemary is many times a star—in movies, on television and radio, and numerous Columbia Record hits.



Rosie's younger sister and brother are headed for stardom, too. Both have appeared on *The Lux Show Starring Rosemary Clooney,* over NBC-TV. Gail has featured role in *The Eve Arden Show*. Nick's made two M-G-M films, including "Handle With Care."

By DORA ALBERT

OVER IN A CORNER of the spacious den of the Rosemary Clooney-Jose Ferrer home in Beverly Hills, Jose was showing Gail Stone, Rosemary's twelve-year-old sister, a rope trick he had just learned. (Gail is the clever young actress who plays one of the "twins" on *The Eve Arden Show.*) In the center, a TV set was tuned to a musical program, to which Rosemary was listening dreamily. In another corner, Rosemary's brother Nick (whom you'll soon be seeing in M-G-M's "Handle With Care" and also in a small part in "Bay the Moon") was reading a Civil War story. In the nursery—formerly Jose's art gallery—Gabriel, born last August and thus the youngest child in the household, was sleeping contentedly. In the kitchen, Maria, just a year older than Gabriel, was watching with big, interested eyes as the servants cleaned up after dinner. In a bedroom upstairs, Rosemary's mother was quietly putting Miguel, who will be three in February, to sleep.

Continued





Little Maria, not yet two, has just one accomplishment, so far—an "imitation" of Rocky Marciano. But three-year-old Miguel (pictured with Rosie and Jose aboard the *Mauretania*) proved himself quite a mimic when he accompanied his parents to England last year.



Rosie's among the best, right up there with such all-time greats as Frank Sinatra and Bing Crosby (right). Husband Jose calls her "a very conscious, scrupulous and conscientious artist"—and adds, "a warm, loving person who runs her household with smooth intelligence."

the Ring around Rosie

(Continued)

This was a typical evening in a wonderful household, where love flows into every nook and corner, touching all members and visitors with its magic. Rosemary's warmth has helped transform an old Spanish house into a home that overflows with people and their affection, a home where talent grows by the bushel.

Jose has been hailed by critics and by members of the motion picture industry as a genius. He has starred in and directed five films, the latest of which, "Bay the Moon," he is directing for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The picture is reported by the Hollywood grapevine to be one of his greatest. Jose has already won one Oscar for his work in "Cyrano de Bergerac" and an Oscar nomination for his acting in "Moulin Rouge."

Rosemary we all know and love. She has been called "Hollywood's favorite songbird." With the voice of a thrush, she has won several gold records (each representing a disc that sold fabulously well), enchanted movie audiences—and those at home, too, with *The Lux Show Starring Rosemary Clooney* on NBC-TV, and *The Ford Road Show* starring her on CBS Radio.

Nick, her younger brother, who lives with his mother in an apartment four blocks from Rosemary's house, was in the Army special services in Germany. From about 11 P.M. to 2 A.M. every day, he played popular records and talked over AFN to entertain war-weary men and women abroad. They listened eagerly, and Nick built up a terrific following in England and the British Isles.

When he returned to the United States, he visited his grandmother in Kentucky, then Rosemary and Jose. Impressed by Nick's personality and appearance, Jose asked if he might be interested in an acting career. It turned out that Nick had played in dramas



Jose has virtually adopted Rosie's family, considers them as much his own as Maria and her brothers. As he says, "Nobody gets a job with me because he's a friend or relative." But, once Nick and Gail proved their talent, he has gladly helped with their careers.

over AFN, and was interested. Jose introduced him to casting directors, one of whom cast him in "Handle With Care."

"Did Jose indicate that he'd like the casting director to hire Nick?" I asked Rosemary, as we sat in the pleasant, quiet Naples Restaurant on Vine Street in Hollywood. Rosie, ignoring all the rich foods urged on her by the waitress, was dillydallying with a cup of tea. She looked trim and extremely smart in a cocoa-colored suit, with one simple ornament—a gold-colored peacock, similar to the NBC color TV trademark.

"Nick got the job on his own," said Rosie. "Jose never indicated in any way that he wanted the casting director to favor Nick. If he had, Nick would never know whether he got a start on his own in the movies or owed it all to Joe." It was after Nick had proved he could act, in "Handle With Care," that Jose selected him for "Bay the Moon."

Gail is another talented member of the household. Now twelve, Gail started to (*Continued on page* 72)

The Lux Show Starring Rosemary Clooney is seen in color and black-and-white on NBC-TV, Thurs., at 10 P.M., sponsored by Lever Brothers. *The Ford Road Show Starring Rosemary Clooney* is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 7:20 A.M.; Sat., 5 P.M. and 5:55 P.M.; Sun., 12:55, 2:30, 4:30 and 5:55 P.M. (All times EST)

Dennis Weaver of GUNSMOKE

The story of a crack athlete who appears each week on your TV screen as a man with a limp

By KATHLEEN POST



Last summer, *Gunsmoke's* Chester was given a royal welcome on "Dennis Weaver Day" in his old home town of Joplin, Mo. Then, in December, his family and friends—from many states, as well as Missouri—gathered at Dennis's home in California, the day after they'd all surprised him on *This Is Your Life.*





Gunsmoke: Chester is right behind Marshal Dillon (Jim Arness), as Letty (Catherine McLeod) grieves for a stricken homesteader (played by Don Keefer).

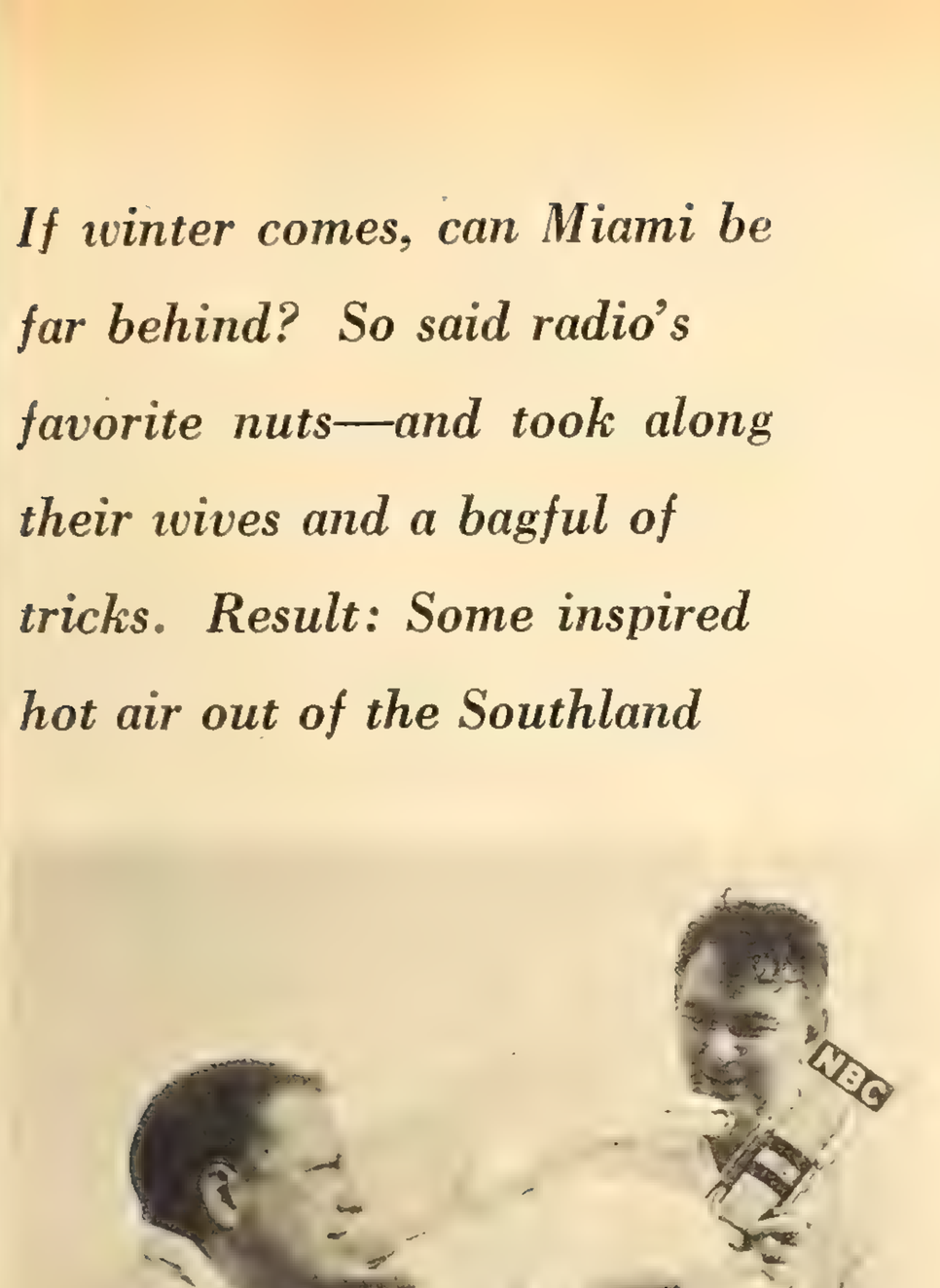
THEY ARE about to drink a toast to Billy Dennis Weaver. By Hollywood standards, it is a strange party. Although Dennis is an actor, his house is unpretentious and homey; so are the guests. It is the sort of party one would expect to see in Joplin, Missouri. As a matter of fact, some of the folks are originally from Joplin.

They are the family and friends whose faith inspired the young actor through years of struggle and sacrifice. They are gathered now about the brick fireplace to drink his health and wish him well. They are proud that he has scored so fine a

---

Dennis Weaver is Chester in *Gunsmoke,* seen on CBS-TV, Sat.,

If winter comes, can Miami be far behind? So said radio's favorite nuts—and took along their wives and a bagful of tricks. Result: Some inspired hot air out of the Southland



Bob and Ray play it straight with their own voices, double in brass for many other characters. For deep-sea fishermen, inspiring interview by sports reporter "Biff Burns" with duo of marble dolphins.



Off-hour dip in the ocean before Bob and Ray turn in another stint for *Monitor*. Below, hotel guests had a ball kibitzing, while they presented some favorite impersonations, like Mary McGoon (untasty recipes), Wally Ballou (special events), Natalie Attired (poetry).



RAY: "From atop the Belmar Hotel in Miami, Florida, Bob and Ray take pleasure in presenting the National Broadcasting Company, with Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding." BOB: "Today, the first portion of our show is brought to you by Bark-quick . . . the easy dog-biscuit mix. Ladies, tonight when your dog comes home tired and irritable after a hard day of chasing automobiles and biting mailmen, spruce up his spirits with a plateful of steaming, melt-in-your-mouth Bark-quick dog biscuits." This piece of dialogue, or a reasonable facsimile thereof, is typical of the special funnybone quality of Bob and Ray—the team of ad-lib comics who have been tickling the radio audience of NBC's weekend *Monitor* program since March, 1956. . . . Teamed first at Boston's Station WHDH in 1946, Bob and Ray immediately won a devoted group of fans among those who would love to own (at a laughably low price) a brain-surgery kit, a build-it-yourself hydrogen bomb (so you can be the first to rule the world), or some chocolate wobblies (slightly melted, left-over Easter eggs going for a song). . . . During a happy two-week working vacation, their wives accompanied Bob and Ray to Florida, from which sunny retreat they commune with the nationwide B. & R. Club, or The People Who Would Not Be Without Bob and Ray.

Continued

Bob and Ray's SURPLUS WAREHOUSE

Deliciously demented items of all kinds are in stock for their public. Here are just five of the more famous "offers"



Unmatched Cracked Dishes Set. Offer: 2,436 sets of dinnerware at $1.98. Some sets contain 46 pieces, some 42½ pieces. Mixed colors: Yellow, pink-magenta, mottled-green plates—red, white and blue cups. Every piece is not whole, some have perceptible cracks, some a clean break. Every break has the seal of approval.



Would you like a big sweater with your initial on it to keep you snuggy? Can be worn inside or out, front or back. Your name must begin with an O—or our legal department will change it to O. Tell us whether you have a V or turtle neck, and how long.



Bob and Ray Chocolates. Have you ever opened a box of candy and pawed through it to find your favorite pieces? Buy Bob and Ray "pre-thumbed" chocolates. All cream chocolates are squashed down so you may see the exact center. On bottom layer, a new "candy discovery" of Bob and Ray's: Chocolate Covered Oysters.



Do-it-yourself Home Counterfeit Set. Make money at home—preferably in basement—and keep sharp eye out for the Feds. Dry thoroughly—if possible, by hanging near the furnace. Let's face it: In any case, this money you make will turn out to be "hot."



Bob and Ray Mustache Cups. Exactly 334 in stock. Also mustache cups with attached bicycle clips for men with handlebar mustaches. Be the first man in your neighborhood since 1903 to have his own mustache cup! A dry mustache never freezes.

Bob and Ray star on *Monitor* (as heard on NBC Radio—Fri., 8:30 to 9:55 P.M.; Sat., 8 A.M. to midnight; Sun., 10:30 A.M. to midnight—EST)

All Hail, COCHISE!



Michael Ansara wins all hearts, as "Broken Arrow" proves to be a Cupid's dart for feminine viewers

By TOM PETERS

IN A rip-roaring season when the cowboy seems to be king on TV, paleface maidens have given that crown to a noble Indian—Apache chief Cochise of *Broken Arrow*. Partly, of course, this is the result of ABC-TV's sympathetic presentation of the once-mighty redskin, in its stirring story of friendship between Cochise and his white "blood brother," agent Tom Jeffords. Partly — perhaps mainly — it's because of Michael Ansara, who plays Cochise himself.

In Buffalo, fifty thousand young women turned out to see Ansara, screaming, "Cochise! Cochise!" Among the hordes who seek his autograph, on personal-appearance tours, there was a teenager who thrust at him a slip of paper already bearing Presley's signature—and who sighed, "Only you can be next to him in my album." Among the truckloads of mail delivered to him in Hollywood, there was a letter reading, "I was doing my housecleaning and suddenly you came into my thoughts like a phantom."

The phrase, "like a phantom," has recurred so often in his fan mail that he's being kidded about it on the set. But Michael Ansara is no phantom. He stands a rugged six-three. He weighs two hundred and ten. His hair is black, his eyes are brown. His voice is deep and resonant. Of Lebanese extraction, he was born just thirty-four years ago in Lowell, Massachusetts. A bachelor today, he's been married twice. On the surface, he appears relaxed and easygoing. A look inside reveals a man who has known acute poverty, loneliness and desperate frustration.

"I think that's behind me now," he says. "My big problem now is occasional moodiness. Deep problems? I don't think I have them right now. But I still get unhappy for no reason at all. Just before I made that trip East, I was depressed for four days. I tried to figure it out, reason with myself, but I couldn't tell what it was all about. I couldn't argue myself out of it." (*Continued on page* 59)

Michael is seen in *Broken Arrow*, ABC-TV, Tues., 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Miles Laboratories, Inc., and Ralston Purina Co.



On TV, Michael is Cochise, the inscrutable Apache chief of *Broken Arrow.* Off TV, he's known to friends (such as golfing partner Betty White, *Date With The Angels* star) as "Mike"—but still a man of moods, both grave and gay.





Michael shows his mother the headdress given him when he was made an honorary chief of the Seven Indian Nations—the first non-Indian ever elected, because of his contribution to greater understanding between red man and white.



Above, with sister Rose, brother-in-law Neal Bowers and their children, Michael, 7, and Michelle, 5. Below, with mother and father. He lives in a bachelor apartment, not far from both families, spends many a weekend with them.



the accent is Italian



. . . when Darlene Zito of Galen Drake's show cooks these delicious dishes for her own special "Beau," Les Brush



At home, Darlene prepares the hearty kind of food men really go for. Husband Les and bachelor "Beau" Phil both agree that her Stuffed Peppers are *"superlativi."*



HERE'S one bride who didn't have to learn to cook those special dishes for her husband after they were married! Darlene Zito learned in childhood the culinary secrets of her Italian ancestry. Her music-loving parents also saw to it that she had an early chance to develop her precocious talents and, at the age of four, Darlene made her radio debut on Station WDRC in her native Hartford, Conn. She's been singing and dancing ever since . . . as a World's Fair contest winner, in plush New York night clubs and—most successfully of all—as the feminine fourth of Three Beaus and a Peep, heard on CBS Radio's *Galen Drake Show*. Last year, brown-eyed, chestnut-haired Darlene wed one of the "Beaus," Les Brush, and they had a heavenly honeymoon in South America. Two of their favorite at-home recipes are given here, with Darlene's *veramente Italiana* marinara sauce.

Three Beaus and a Peep sing on CBS Radio's *Galen Drake Show*, as heard Sat., from 10:05 to 11 A.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.



Galen Drake spotlights the singing of "Three Beaus and a Peep"—who are, from left to right, Phil Scott, Jim Leyden, Les Brush and Darlene Zito (Mrs. Brush).

ITALIAN STUFFED PEPPERS

Makes 12 servings.
Combine in large bowl:
- 1 (10-oz.) container fine, dry bread crumbs
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon crushed oregano
- few sprigs parsley, finely chopped
- 1 clove garlic, finely chopped
- 2 tablespoons ketchup
- 1 (2-oz.) can anchovy fillets, undrained, finely cut
- 1-1½ cups water or tomato juice

Add more liquid, if necessary, to make filling soft.
Wash well:
- 12 green peppers, medium size

Cut a slice from stem end. Remove seeds and white part of pepper. (If desired, place in boiling salted water and cook 5-8 minutes or until almost tender. Drain.) Fill with stuffing. Place in lightly greased deep baking dish. Cover with Marinara Sauce. Sprinkle lightly with oregano. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) about 1 hour. Baste with sauce occasionally.

MARINARA SAUCE

Heat in saucepan:
- ¼ cup olive oil
- 1 clove garlic, finely chopped

Cook until lightly brown. Add:
- 1 (2-pound) can Italian peeled tomatoes
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper

Simmer for 15 minutes. Add:
- ½ cup water

Simmer 15 minutes longer.

VEAL AND MUSHROOMS

Makes 4 servings.
Cut into serving pieces and season:
- 1 pound veal cutlet

Heat in a heavy skillet:
- 2 tablespoons butter or salad oil
- 1 clove garlic, cut in half
- 3-4 bay leaves

Brown pieces of veal well on both sides.
Add:
- 1 (3 or 4 oz.) can sliced mushrooms, undrained
- 1 lemon, sliced

Cover and simmer gently 15-20 minutes or until meat is tender. Remove garlic and bay leaf. Serve at once, a lemon slice on each portion.



A *Valentine* FOR DOBERMAN

By GREGORY MERWIN

JUST FOR LAUGHS, Phil Silvers used to introduce him: "And here's our love interest, Private Doberman, played by Maurice Gosfield." It got a laugh from the studio audience then. But, as sometimes happens, fiction has become fact, a jest has become truth. Maury Gosfield, as Doberman, is the biggest valentine to hit the country in years. Gals find him irresistible. In public restaurants, young women plant kisses on his dome as he chomps on chopped liver. Mature females usually wait till he gets a mouthful of mashed potatoes, and then tweak his cheeks. Teenagers, who like to splash in his soup, find Maury a kind of blend of Elvis Presley, Tab Hunter and Charles Laughton.

Off TV, Maury Gosfield is not Pfc. Duane Doberman—not exactly. True, he has the same blue eyes, brown hair and sexy cheeks. He is the same five-feet-five—vertically or horizontally. But, on TV, he plays a meek, dumb GI. Off TV, he is himself—good-humored, intelligent and self-assured. On TV, he is sloppy. Off, he is well-groomed and dapper, in tasteful, tailor-made clothes. ("I've got to have my clothes made, for I'm a size-46 beachball. If I walk into a ready-made store, the fitter runs away and hides until I leave.")

Doberman has a special kind of warmth, and this does carry over into the private life of Maurice Gosfield. The doglike devotion and affection Doberman gives Bilko has the honest ring of a man who has either lived among dogs, gone to the dogs, or owned dogs. Maury belongs to the last-named group.

"I'm a great one for pets," (*Continued on page* 68)

As Phil Silvers' sidekick or as Maurice Gosfield, the ladies love him—and vice versa. But Maury's still looking for the one-and-only



Maury prides himself on his bachelor cooking. Lucky recipients of Gosfield hospitality include actress Russell Lee (striped dress), Bernie Fein (Gomez on Silvers' show) and Bernie's wife, Kay.





No mighty Indian chief is Pfc. Doberman—but Sergeant Bilko (star Phil Silvers) can talk him into anything on TV's "You'll Never Get Rich." Maury is just as loyal and lovable in private life, but not half so gullible. He has a mind and wit of his own.



The Phil Silvers Show, "You'll Never Get Rich," is seen on CBS-TV, Tues., 8 P.M. EST, sponsored by Camel Cigarettes and The Procter & Gamble Co.

Pretty Head

ON HER SHOULDERS



Nightly brushing, frequent shampoos, oil treatments, creme rinse, polish Marian's fair hair.



Marian sprays cologne all over —"a dab behind each ear isn't enough for me," says this beauty.

She mixes her own colors— starts with coral lipstick, then adds a red-blue or an orange.





To erase frown wrinkles, Marian presses on squares of adhesive tape before an important party.

Lovely radio actress Marian Russell deserves to be seen, not just heard

By HARRIET SEGMAN

MARIAN RUSSELL, who plays Shari on CBS Radio's *Romance Of Helen Trent*, has an exciting voice, developed by singing, ballet (for breath control) and reading Shakespeare aloud (for fun). But here's a girl who should be seen, not just heard. With a size-nine figure, and eyes that can turn topaz, green or blue, Marian works at how-to-be-even-prettier. Take fragrance—Marian does, in generous quantities. "I don't believe in a dab behind each ear," she says. "I like an aura around me." She sprays on cologne, rubs some on fingers and palms, accents pulse spots with perfume.

Marian shampoos her blond hair often—every other day when she has a TV job, twice a week otherwise. She avoids dryness with a shampoo creme treatment or follows shampoo with creme rinse, to make her thick hair easier to comb. Currently she is wearing her own version of a hairstyle she saw in a French painting at a museum.

Marian's make-up palette is pastel: Creamy ivory powder, a coral shade of creme rouge, light brown pencil and mascara, a dash of green eye shadow. "I pat on liquid base the way you put on greasepaint, to spread it very thin. I never powder my upper lids—the natural color and a moist, unpowdery look is younger. If I feel too powdered, I press a damp tissue all over my face to lift off the excess."

She goes over her basic coral lipstick with blue-red lipstick when she's wearing a blue or pink outfit. With yellow and rust clothes, she brushes orange over the coral.

Marian and her actor-writer husband have a real-estate business on the side and just started a new venture: A beauty parlor in Brooklyn. "I just like everything about beauty," explains Marian.

All Hail, Cochise!

(*Continued from page 52*)

His first marriage, at nineteen, lasted two years. The second marriage lasted eight. "I've been a bachelor for two years and I'm enjoying it. Most of my life it seems I've been married. And yet I think the real frustration in my private life now is that I can't find the right girl."

Michael Ansara talks honestly about himself. Through the years, he has done much soul-searching. "When I think back to my childhood—up to the time I was about ten or eleven—I think of that period as being the happiest of my life. We weren't rich, by any means. But, at that age, a boy doesn't think of himself as being poor or well-off. My parents worked hard. They did well in New Hampshire. They trucked produce, but worked day and night.

"We lived about two miles outside of Lebanon, a town of seven thousand. It was kind of a 'Huckleberry Finn' existence. I had friends and we built rafts. Fished. Went up into the hills to hunt. In the winter, there was skiing and skating. I have a sister two years older. She wasn't in our crowd. But, when I think back, I realize that it was she who more or less brought me up."

With the Depression, this happy life came to a bitter end when Michael was eleven. His family was hit hard. An uncle in Los Angeles wrote that there were jobs to be had there. "We'd lost our home, our trucks," Michael recalls. "My parents packed what they could in a little old '29 Erskine, and we set out across the country like the people in 'Grapes of Wrath.' When we got to Los Angeles, we found things were just as rough there except that the weather was better all year around. This, in itself, was a great relief. When you don't have any money and you're living in a New Hampshire winter, with the snow and blizzards, in can be plenty rough."

On the east side of Los Angeles, Michael found the city hard, indifferent, unfriendly. His father, a carpenter, couldn't find work of any kind. His mother got a menial job at ten dollars a week. Most of the kids had some kind of a bicycle, but any kind of a bicycle was out of the question for Michael. He couldn't make friends. His only companionship was a second-hand harmonica.

"I used to take off by myself," he remembers. "I often played hooky in Barnesdahl Park. I knew all the corners and shrubbery you could hide behind. I'd lie down with my hands behind my head and think. I was depressed by things happening around me and became more inward, deeply involved in my own thinking.

"My parents were very religious. Over a period of time, I thought I was an agnostic, even an atheist. Then I became deeply religious, before tapering off into a moderate religious feeling. I was terribly shy in those years. I couldn't talk to anyone. For long periods, I had no friends and this depressed me. I got more introspective. I was so shy that I actually couldn't stand up in class to make a verbal report."

At John Marshall High School, he played left end on the varsity team. He did a little amateur boxing. That was the extent of his social life. He saw little of his parents, for they were at work.

"It couldn't be helped," he explained. "Lots of people were poor in those days, but it didn't seem that any we knew were quite so bad off. For a long time, I had just one pair of trousers. But I suppose what a kid misses most is having his mother and father at home. Maybe then I wouldn't have been so introverted. I would have learned to get along with others from the beginning. Not that I blame them. It just couldn't be helped."

Michael smiles, as he adds, "No, I wasn't a juvenile delinquent. I think about that today, because there's so much talk about delinquency. The boys I ran around with have grown into respectable citizens. But, as teenagers, we were street fighters. We'd wander the streets until we ran into another gang of kids and ask, 'You want to fight?' If they said yes, we pitched in."

He tells you that he doesn't dwell on the poverty and violence of his teens, but he does think in perspective. "Why did I go out into the street and fight? Well, as I said, I was different from other kids. I was quiet, shy. I couldn't make friends. I didn't like being different. It made me miserable. So I went along with the gang—because, if I didn't, I was that much more different. I never did enjoy it and I don't think they did, either.

"Why did we do it? I think out of boredom—and I think that's part of the answer to present juvenile problems. The kids have nothing to do. Their lives are empty. No one has time for them after they get out of school. There should be activities organized for them. Boxing. Ball. Craft classes. Music schools. Dancing, for the girls. It would put something into their lives, give them something to live for."

Michael's first marriage came at nineteen. "We weren't in love. Neither of us. We were caught up in the fever of war. I hadn't dated many girls my own age. She was seventeen and she was beautiful. We had a lot of fun until we were married, and then it stopped. For almost two years, we fought all the time. We were physically attracted. We weren't in love."

With the war, Michael's parents, like many others, began to make some money. They had never wanted anything but good for their son and encouraged him to enroll at Los Angeles City College. He was more or less talked into a pre-medical course by relatives who were doctors. He studied hard and made good grades, but his personality problem overwhelmed him. He asked himself how could he be a doctor if he couldn't even talk to people socially. "I avoided people so much that it gave me a sense of guilt because I couldn't get along. Somehow, I got the idea that acting might give me poise. I talked it over with my parents and they agreed.

"I began to study in the Pasadena Playhouse and found acting was something I liked. And it slowly helped me get over my shyness. Of course, on the stage you forgot yourself and, when you got off, you were Michael Ansara again. But I began to make friends and there was a real purpose to my life."

He was twenty-four when he married again. "I was touring in 'Macbeth' and she was Lady Macbeth. She liked me from the very beginning and fell in love. I was slow, as usual, in warming up. But then I discovered that I was deeply in love, too. There were obstacles and—being an actor—there wasn't much money. But we married, and had a good marriage for eight years. Most of it, anyway. You see, being a moody guy, I seem to be attracted to the opposite of myself, to exuberance and light.

"Well, she had that and she put up with my moods. We were in love and I wanted this marriage to last. Why did it break up?" He sighs. "It was a question of having a family. She, too, took her career seriously and things were just beginning to break for her. She wasn't quite ready. We couldn't compromise on this."

Now, after two years of being a bachelor, he admits that he will likely marry another actress. "First, being in the business, I associate mostly with actresses. It's not that I think they are more attractive physically than other girls. Physical attraction, which is important to me, doesn't mean great beauty. But it is their personalities, their gaiety and animation. The dark side of me needs this. But, with it, I want intelligence and love. Love is one thing to the very young—sometimes just physical attraction. But love, to me, is understanding. An understanding of each other and each other's problems. And a real respect, a deep respect."

Today, Michael lives in a bachelor apartment in the Los Feliz section of Hollywood. He has furnished the bedroom and living room in black and brown. Most of the furniture is comfortable, heavy modern. "My sofa, a nine-footer, is what I started out with because I like to stretch out." Some of the pieces are semi-Oriental. He has a beautiful Chinese teakwood table and handsome marble coffee table. On one wall is a huge charcoal drawing of a wind-blown mountain with a bare skeleton tree.

On a Sunday or Saturday when he is not at work, Michael visits with his parents and his married sister, who has two children, Michael, seven, and Michelle, five. "I love them. Spend most of the daytime playing with them on weekends."

He likes to date. A date with Michael means being picked up in the Corvette and flying off to a restaurant for food and talk. "I like to talk about things that interest me," he admits. "The business, naturally, and philosophy and current events and history. But I'm not oblivious to a woman's feelings. I can listen, too. I can talk to a girl about her clothes and I'm not bored with it, either." He prefers a girl who dresses very well but not in extreme fashions. "I don't go for fancy hats or those 'bag' dresses. I like simple, straightforward clothes."

Sometimes, friends come over to his apartment. He has a hi-fi set and a collection of semi-classical music and a little jazz. Sometimes the girls cook. "That's nice. I can't cook a thing. For breakfast, I have just a hardboiled egg, juice and a vitamin pill. That's the extent of my cooking. But I like good food. Steak and potatoes come first, and then foreign dishes."

He dates many girls. Some as young as nineteen. "At that age, there is freshness and excitement. There is a limit to their understanding but that doesn't bother me, because it's their youth. Potentially, they're very fine human beings. Regardless of their age, I have to generalize about women. So often, I find one who is physically attractive but not mentally. Or vice versa. At times, there seem to be gaps in our conversation. It's an emotional, intangible thing where we don't reach each other. Sometimes, I want so badly to express myself to a girl and I can't, because she's too materialistic, too specific. This is something that depresses me." He smiles and says, "I don't want to be this way. These things just happen to me."

He wants to marry again and soon. "I'd like a family. Three children. I'd like a wife who gets up with me in the morning. Although I like to get out to fish or play tennis or just drive, I like a home, too. A place where you can relax and read or listen to music. I'd like a wife who believes in the Golden Rule and the brotherhood of man. It would be great if she were a good cook, but I don't see a wife necessarily doing all the housework. It depends on what you can afford. And, while I'm attracted to lightness and gaiety, she must have the understanding that comes with real love. If I fall in love, it will be at least with someone who fits into that pattern."

Man on the go from dawn to dusk—but KYW listeners know Bud Wendell as their daring . . .

Mister P.M.



Nothing fazes Bud—even when "Safari Jack" Brothers visits with two boa constrictors.



Less dangerous but just as fascinating is Bud's interview with lanky Jimmy Stewart.



When he's not doing, Bud's thinking. Anything from a discussion of discrimination to an expose of rackets might be on his mind.



Bud's midget recorder quotes Ruth Franklin, curator of Thompson Auto Museum, in a 1910 Stevens-Duryea.

OFFER Bud Wendell a risk and he'll take it. To the busiest man in Northern Ohio, success in one field is a dare—to try something else. He just refuses to call it a career. . . . As Cleveland's "Mr. Inside," Bud is host of *Program PM,* heard seven nights a week, from 8 to 10, over Station KYW. He is president of his own advertising agency, Bud Wendell Enterprises. He's a public-relations expert specializing in ticklish local situations and is also a fund-raiser, currently soliciting help for the organization he founded in Cleveland, Teens Against Diabetes. To top it off, he runs a printing shop. After all, shrugs Bud, there *are* twenty-four hours in each day. . . . Actually, Bud's biggest risk—"the biggest opportunity," is the way he'd phrase it—came when KYW invited him aboard Westinghouse Broadcasting Company's new night-time venture, *Program PM.* In June of 1957, when the new program started, it wasn't exactly fashionable to be in night-time radio. But Bud saw the show as the perfect outlet for someone like himself, someone with varied talents and widespread interests. . . . He was right. KYW's Radio "after dark" put up an SRO sign for sponsors in just three months and Bud himself became one of the most talked-about people in the area. What they were saying was favor-



Bud's career soared and new house for young Wendy and Warren and wife Jean went up, too—with nary a mike boom in sight.



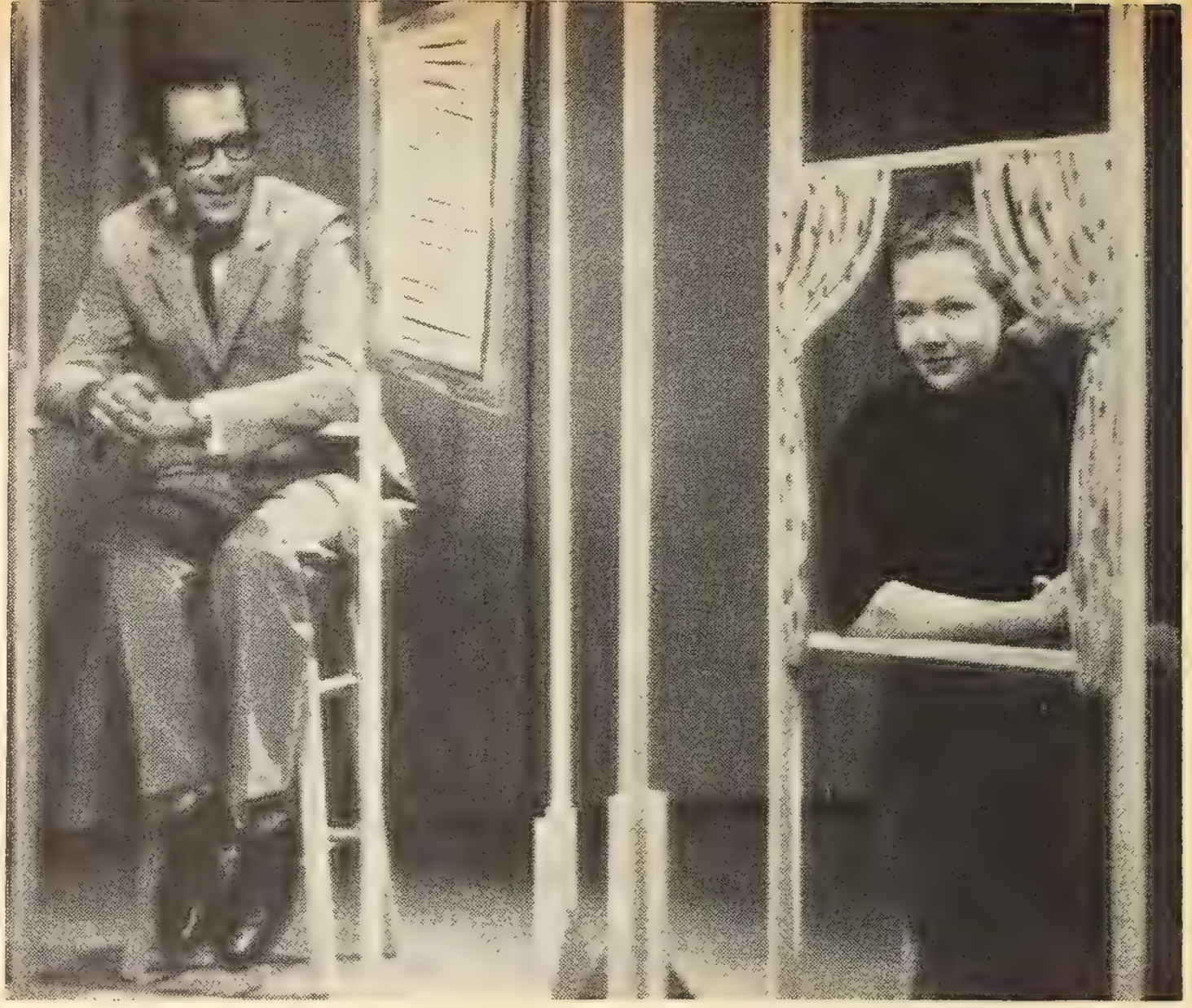
Name that starred Bud's mother in Ziegfeld Follies is the one he took to use on radio.



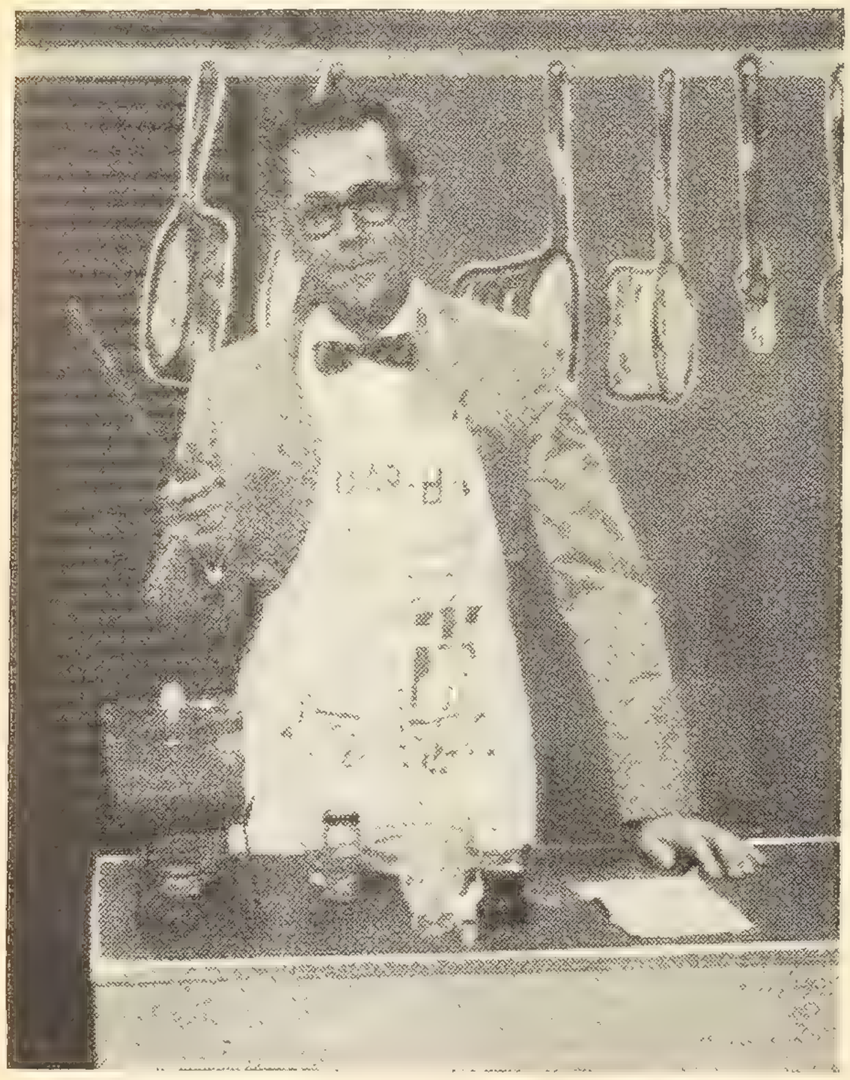
able. . . . Bud's in-depth treatment of what goes on behind the scenes in Cleveland adds a new dimension to the night airwaves. On his "Expose" features, Bud asks impertinent and hard-hitting questions that have brought to light such injustices as the portrait photography studio racket or examples of discrimination in the city. Wherever he goes, Bud takes his midget tape recorder with him, getting off-the-cuff interviews of show people and statesmen and, in one instance, an on-the-job dissertation from a skyscraper window washer. . . . Bud has a way of acquiring labels. Before he became the city's answer to Mike Wallace, he'd been known as the "Henry Morgan of Cleveland." He and his wife Jean had completely equipped their home with microphones, booms and soundproofing and were running a daytime radio show from there. Bud and Jean first met through their respective fathers, who'd been good friends at Harvard. Jean gathered news, weather and sports reports for their show, made coffee and sandwiches for the guests who popped in, and kept Wendy, 10, and Warren, 8, from blurting out too many of the family secrets over the air. When the Wendell house burned to the ground a year ago, the program still kept going on a makeshift basis for a while. Now the white frame Colonial house is being rebuilt, but the broadcasting apparatus is conspicuously missing. Bud is no longer "at home," he's on the go. . . . For a fact, that's the way it's always been with Bud. Taking his name from the one his mother used in the Ziegfeld Follies—Bunny Wendell—he's been on the air since age thirteen. In the Army, Bud lectured on radio and learned the sound effects and gimmicks he first put to civilian use on *Wendell's Wax Works,* an eerie but elevating program. For a while after that, Bud stepped behind the scenes as a script writer for *Anything Goes,* a Cleveland comedy show which was the launching site for such stars as Jack Paar and Peggy King. Then it was back to being a comic deejay, representing Cleveland on the network *ABC's Of Music* and getting himself nominated to the "15 top disc jockeys in the United States." . . . By 1952, Bud was ready for a new career. He abandoned radio to join a coffee firm in Chicago. The firm had 68 routes and Bud was given the 68th, the newest and the worst. He soon turned it into the number-one route in the city. Having mastered the role of salesman, Bud took a deep breath and returned to radio. *Bud Wendell At Home* accomplished his second rise to fame, *Program PM* his third. Now, he's sky-high.

Two for Talk

Carol Duvall and
Alex Dillingham have words—
on just about everything—
over WOOD-TV and Radio



Popular duo went separate ways together, joined talents at WOOD.



Chef for the show is Alex, but, thrice-weekly, Carol dons black leotard, demonstrates figure lessons offered by Buddy Luken.



LIKE A NEW PAIR OF SHOES, says Alex Dillingham of the new show. Partner Carol Duvall admits to "griping like crazy" sometimes, but loves every minute of it. Within three weeks recently, Duvall and Dillingham, the Grand Rapids duo, had oiled all the squeaks in the televised *Carol And Alex Show* and buffed the natural cordovan shine to a high luster. But, like an old pair of shoes, the show is comfortable. Programmed five mornings a week over Station WOOD, from 10 to 10:30, Carol and Alex feature news, surveys, music, figure exercises—in the Duvall department—and cooking, which is Dillingham's delight. . . . After soloing on the airwaves for several years—Carol on the long-running *Jiffy Carnival* and Alex in announcing and news—the pair joined talents four years ago for *Calling On Carol,* heard daily over WOOD at 12:15. On the new schedule, they part professional company in the afternoon. Alex delivers *Standard News Roundup,* weekdays at 6:05 P.M., and Carol, except for Fridays, when she does a five-minute commercial, goes home to look after her husband and two boys and "think about skiing." . . . Carol remembers being cast as a butterfly in a kindergarten play and guesses the glitter on the lavender wings would explain her love for the entertainment world. She gave dramatic readings during college days at Michigan State and, at war's end, married her high-school sweetheart. While Carl Duvall went to college on his GI Bill, Carol took care of their two boys, Jack, who is now 9, and Michael, 7—with nary a thought that she'd soon be on TV with a kiddie show evolved from an intermission-act. . . . Very blase about TV and radio work are Peter Dillingham, 12, and his sister Pamela, 10. According to their dad, Alex, they see it as a handy way to make spending money, "like shoveling snow or mowing lawns." Alex, a Michigan State man and Grand Rapids native, met his wife Bunny in a college production of "Stage Door." To pay for his schooling, he took on announcer chores for the University station, WKAR. After a year at the American University at Biarritz, Alex became an instructor in radio at the Lansing campus. He, too, "thinks about skiing," three seasons of the year. Then, come winter, he skis. Year 'round, Carol and Alex wear well on their shows—old and new!

Dennis Weaver of "Gunsmoke"

(*Continued from page* 47)

Dennis (or "Rupe," the nickname given him by college chums) not only has two sound legs—he has been and is a first-rate athlete. In *Gunsmoke,* Chester looks almost insignificant beside the formidable six-foot-six Jim Arness; the real-life Dennis is himself a six-footer, agile and muscular. Chester is shy and naive almost to the point of seeming ineffectual; Dennis has the smiling but determined vigor of a man able and willing to shoulder responsibility or accept leadership in time of crisis.

The acting career of Dennis Weaver goes back to an oak tree in the yard of his family's home in Joplin. Wearing nothing but a pair of swimtrunks, Dennis played his first role as a junior Tarzan, pounding his chest, swinging from limb to limb. He liked Westerns, too. After a Saturday-morning show at the old Rex Theater, he would strap on his toy guns and blaze away like Buck Jones. As his mother describes it: "All that bang-banging, yelling and groaning—you'd have thought a dozen kids were out there. But it was just Dennis, playing this part and that one. He liked the villains best. Got so he could die real fancy."

His father, Walter Weaver, who stifled a yearning to go on the stage himself and worked as an electrician for thirty-eight years to support his family, makes a trenchant comment: "Quite a few fellows go out for sports and end up actors—for instance, John Wayne, Buster Crabbe, Johnny Weissmuller. But our boy, he was sort of runty to start with and he set out to become an athlete so he could break into acting. He always had one eye on the mirror, making faces . . ."

Dennis himself has said of his childhood that "it was a continual adventure." And his oldest sister Geraldine—now Mrs. D. M. Bell of Shreveport, Louisiana—has explained: "That's because Mama and Dad didn't let us see too much of the other side. Dad worked right through the Depression, but things were still pretty sad for people all around us. And every so often, Mama would pile us all into the old 1929 DeSoto and we'd cross the country to visit her folks in California. We'd usually stop off for a visit at Grandpa Marion Weaver's farm in Oklahoma. Dad used to say we were a 'bunch of gypsies' but he figured Mama was right in trying to show us the country and the adventure of making our own way as we went."

Her brother Howard, three years older than Dennis (and, as he jovially puts it, "a builder from Boulder—Colorado, that is") and Mary Ann, the baby of the family (now Mrs. William J. Stiltz of Tyler, Texas), can also remember adventures. Like the time they ran short of funds on one of their trips to California. Mama Weaver had always budgeted very carefully but they had developed engine trouble on the way and, only one day away from their destination, they had just enough money for gas.

Dennis, the big eater of the group, tried not to complain, but he kept patting his stomach significantly. Mama had finally taken pity. "I'll whip up some delicious sandwiches," she promised. Everybody brightened, especially Dennis. Alas, the sandwiches were only made of lard sprinkled with sugar. "Dennis's imagination sure came in handy," pert-faced Mary Ann giggles. "He kept saying, 'Mmm, delicious ham and cheese,' and he'd smack his lips like it really was good."

On these trips the entire family worked.

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T V R

Mama had a theory: "There's nothing more wonderful than the feeling you're making your own way. And even God worked six days out of seven. A person not only has a right to work, he has a duty to." So the family stopped off en route to pick cotton, tomatoes, strawberries—anything in season. Dennis was admittedly the best picker, but he ended up eating half of what he picked.

Mama was extremely independent. She stood up for herself and for other pickers when she saw them being shortchanged. One time she didn't like the treatment given the pickers of strawberries, so she just packed her brood into the car, gave the straw-boss a piece of her mind, and drove off. They were almost twenty miles away and she was still fuming—when Howard discovered that two-year-old Mary Ann had been left behind. They hurried back to find her sitting in the middle of a strawberry patch, her little face and hands smeared with juice.

On their last trip, Dennis was eleven. The family stayed with his sister Gerry, who had recently married and was living in Mantika. Here George Hogroff, longtime mailman in that community, entered the boy's life. He was to prove a strong and helpful influence. Dennis had begun to take dancing lessons, and George bought him a slab of four-by-eight plywood to practice his steps on. It was a kindness the boy never forgot. When it came time for the family to return to Joplin, Mama decided to leave her two boys with their sister so that they might finish their school year without interruption.

Now Dennis switched his affections from Westerns to musicals. In addition to dancing, he started a brief flirtation with the mandolin, which never quite took. Meanwhile, George, an expert woodworker, began teaching the boy his hobby. One day, while correcting his use of the lathe, George gave Dennis a bit of never-forgotten advice. Holding up a cleverly designed and finished tobacco humidor, George said, "Don't brag how good you might be—just show 'em."

When he went back to Joplin, Dennis made a lasting decision. He didn't want to be a dancer, musician or woodworker. They were fine as hobbies. But, for a lifelong work, he wanted to act. Spurred on by his dad's appearance in some local plays, Dennis went in for drama at school. Then came disappointment.

He had been given a part in the junior class play, but the principal called him in and said, "Sorry, lad—your grades are too low." The boy returned home, morose and gloomy. His mother's eyes snapped. "You, boy," she brought him up short, "stop feeling sorry for yourself. You can be what you want if you buckle down and study." Dennis took her advice. He had never thought of himself as "a brain," but he studied hard and wound up the year as an "A" student—with a part in the senior class play.

At about the same time, he also turned back to a childhood plan. He would become a star athlete and use that as the springboard for an acting career. This he accomplished. He became a varsity football player and set a number of track and field records that have remained unbroken to this day. He was graduated with a scholarship to Joplin Junior College. It was also then that he met the woman he has called "the most important event in my life." She is reddish-blond Gerry, his wife and the mother of his beloved Ricky, 9, and Rob, 5.

Dennis was eighteen and had gone to a Y.M.C.A. dance. As he now sheepishly admits, his eye was caught by a girl whirling about the dance floor in a skirt that, while full, nevertheless revealed red skating pants and "the neatest pair of pins." He wangled an introduction to lovely and lively Geraldine Stowell and, for the next three years, they went "as steady as was customary in those days."

After one year at junior college, Dennis was called to the Navy. He was already in the Naval Reserve and now he was set on becoming a fighter pilot. As a member of the Naval track and field team, he set several records for speed and agility. With Dennis a poor correspondent those days, Gerry and the family had to rely on his old friend, George Hogroff, for mail.

Dennis was stationed for a while at St. Mary's College, near San Francisco, and he and George managed to get together now and then. George would write to the folks in Joplin on how their boy was doing. Once, after Dennis had failed to write for some time, George wired Gerry a dozen red roses for her birthday with a note: "Honey, he's fine, so don't worry. We're all pulling for you to land him."

Two and a half years later, Dennis was discharged as an ensign. Gerry and he promptly eloped to Columbus, Kansas, where there was no three-day waiting period. The young couple were on their honeymoon when Gerry saw her husband staring blankly into space. "What are you dreaming about?" she asked. She was rather startled when he replied, "The stage—acting."



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In that moment, the young wife showed her mettle. "I'm all for it," she said calmly. "What's more, I'll do everything in my power to help you." It was a pledge she fully redeemed.

Dennis had won a track-football scholarship at Oklahoma University before going into service. The school still wanted him. With that, and the ninety-dollar-a-month allotment on the GI Bill, they rented a basement apartment near the college and Dennis settled down to major in drama. Gerry helped keep the wolf from the door by typing the theses of graduate students. It was a time of hardship for both of them. But, whenever Dennis suggested leaving school and getting a job that would support her, Gerry resolutely rejected the idea.

Under the tutelage of Oklahoma's famed coach, John "Jake" Jacobs, Dennis became a remarkable track star, leading his team to a Big Six Championship in the two-mile run, setting several records in jumping events, and climaxing his efforts by winning the Colorado Relays Septathon Championship.

Shuttling, as it were, between athletics and dramatics, Dennis now acquired the nickname of "Rupe," which his wife and former college friends still use. It happened when some of his fellow athletes, wishing to rib him about his acting, began calling him "Rupe" after the drama professor Rupell Jones.

Once, while Dennis was playing the Kansas City businessman whose daughter aspires to marry into the family of "The Late George Apley," the athletes gleefully piled into the front row and tried to stare "Rupe" out of countenance. They succeeded only too well. Dennis, essaying his first cigar in the interests of realism, went completely blank before that row of grinning faces.

"I stood there, without a line in my head, puffing on that cigar and getting sicker by the second," sorrowfully reminisces the young actor whose performances have since won him national acclaim.

Having been graduated as an honor student, Dennis wanted to return to Joplin with Gerry, who was then expecting their first baby. She wouldn't hear of it. At her insistence he went to the Olympic Games decathlon tryouts. It was June, 1948, and a former classmate, Lon Chapman, got in touch with him the night before the tryouts.

"I've fixed up an audition for you," Lon chortled. It was June, but it might as well have been April—because, as they walked through the streets, planning what Dennis would do at his audition, it began to rain. It poured. But, unheeding, the starry-eyed actors walked and talked until two o'clock in the morning.

It was a folly Dennis paid for. Although he placed sixth among the thirty entries and did beat Bob Mathias in the 1500-meter run, he failed to achieve his ambition of representing the United States at the Olympics. His disappointment was short-lived. The following day he got a dearer wish: He was accepted by the Actors' Studio, renowned for its long list of graduates who have reached stardom.

For two years, he applied himself to the studio's training. Those were two awful and magnificent years of suffering, struggle, sacrifice and study. He barely managed to support himself with odd jobs —taking the census, selling magazines and lingerie. He allowed himself thirty cents a day for food.

Lonny shared a room with him. "We lived mostly on cabbage," Dennis still remembers. "I will always like it—after all, it saved me from starving."

On his graduation from Actors' Studio, Dennis sent for Gerry, who had been "sweating it out in Joplin" with their son, Rick. Dennis hadn't as yet seen the boy, who was then fourteen months old. He got a salesman's job and they rented a furnished room in the Bronx. Things grew so bad that he wrote his mother, "I'm at the end of my rope." She wired back money and a message: "Tie a knot in that rope and hang on." He did.

He came home one day to find Gerry and the boy in bed with their clothes on. It was freezing. In a fury, he rushed out, cut some branches from the landlord's tree and started a fire in the room. The fireplace didn't work and the room got so smoky they had to fling open the windows and bear up under even more intense cold, worse than before.

Then Shelley Winters, who had spotted Dennis at Actors' Studio, talked Universal-International into giving him a movie contract. There was one big "if." He had to ride a horse. "I was practically born in the saddle," he told them—and, after he arrived in Hollywood, set about learning to ride. He hadn't been on a horse since he was a boy. On the back lot at U-I, he confessed to the stuntmen and one of them, after a good laugh, gave him a few lessons. Dennis made fourteen movies for the company, and then was let out during a large cutback.

Misfortune struck again when his second boy, Robbie, only a month old, came down with spinal meningitis and was not

given much chance to live. It might, Dennis realized, be too long a wait between acting jobs, so he immediately put his career aside and thought only of his family. He took a job as delivery man for a floral shop, working overtime whenever he could, for the extra money. Robbie at last pulled through and today shows no trace of the illness. But it strengthened an old interest of Dennis's in sick, poor, unhappy or handicapped people.

Just as his bad luck had come all at once, so now his good luck began to blossom. Bill Warren, his director in "Seven Angry Men," had been assigned to do a television series. He asked Dennis to read the first script. It proved to be *Gunsmoke*, an "adult Western" which was to start a new trend in that field. As he read the script, Dennis was seized by a conviction that the role of Chester, Marshall Dillon's sidekick, was made to order for him. He tested for it twice and was awarded the part.

Dennis was the first of the four principals to be signed. James Arness, the star, and Amanda Blake and Milburn Stone—who play the saloon hostess and "Doc," respectively—were all signed afterward. The series was an immediate click, with Dennis drawing a large share of the critical acclaim.

He also began to receive a huge fan mail, to answer which he has devoted much time and energy. Among the letters that began "Dear Chester" was one from a polio victim, Chester Roginsky. The letter went on to say, "My name is also Chester and I limp like you. It makes me feel braver to see how you get along fine."

Dennis sat down at once and wrote to this boy in Youngstown, Ohio, offering encouragement, advising him to practice swimming and telling him he could overcome his handicap to become an athlete. With these letters, the boy's improvement began—and, the night *This Is Your Life* presented Dennis's story, young Chester related how he had won two swimming events in a meet held a few days before.

Now it is the day after that memorable telecast, and the party at Dennis's home is almost over. The house—which only a few moments ago had been bubbling with laughter, jokes and reminiscing—has fallen silent. The guests are raising their glasses. Fred Gill, a former drama student who roomed with Dennis at Oklahoma, begins the toast: "Here's to our boy Dennis. He ran fast and he ran far—but, the farther he runs, the closer he gets to our hearts. . . ."



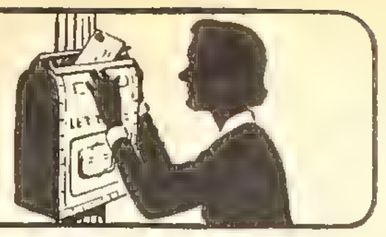
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Talent for Tonight

(*Continued from page* 28)

which is revolutionary in this day of expensive, complicated presentations—a formula which might well be described as "Poverty, Personalities and Paar."

The "poverty" must be interpreted in TV terms. *Tonight* is not a high-budget show. On the air, Paar once explained, "We don't bargain with anyone. We offer them what we have." This, in general, means "scale," the minimum agreed upon in a contract with the performers' union, AFTRA. For a three-times-a-week artist, "scale" is currently something less than $500—a far drop from the dazzling digits which top stars command on some programs.

To make that budget produce the most in enjoyment for the listener, Paar sets a wise aim: "There's nothing more fun than a party in some one's home where the guests are witty and maybe there's a pleasant song or two." To achieve this atmosphere, he ruled off rock 'n' roll and far-out jazz; he banned gimmicks and "New York family jokes" which would seem pointless beyond the Hudson River. He concentrated interest on the performers rather than the theater audience—which, prior to his advent, rivalled the cast. No Times Square show-offs, no kids under eighteen, no leather-jacket gangs, no camera hogs, he specified.

On stage, he set a leisurely pace, designed to give each performer a chance to show his best. They say in the trade, "On the Paar program, you know you'll get good treatment, good musical backing, a good audience." The combination has attracted big names who would not ordinarily work for the price he is able to pay. But, even more importantly for the future of TV, it has given young performers a showcase.

It has also made *Tonight* the biggest sleep-robber in the business. Home viewers, sharing his sense of discovery, hate to snap the switch of their sets until sign-off; bookers watch it to find new acts; TV reporters monitor the show because it makes news. Paar reported its progress from a problem show to a top-rater: "When we opened last June, we owed money for the scenery. This week, we signed a million dollars' worth of business."

Paar's do-unto-others talent policy has been shaped by his own vicissitudes. As he says of his career, "I've been let out more times than Gleason's pants."

Born in Cleveland, Ohio, May 1, 1918, he was scrambling through home-town radio jobs when the United States Army became his costumer and his producer. Popping him into Special Services, they gave him the South Pacific for a stage. The Japs frequently provided the sound effects, but the GIs supplied the laughs. Enlisted man Jack Paar had a private's war going on with the brass. Wit was his weapon, and stuffed shirts his target.

Back home again, he chalked up credits. He substituted for Jack Benny on radio; emceed NBC Radio's *Take It Or Leave It*; entered TV in 1952 with *Up To Paar;* made a couple of non-headlined early Marilyn Monroe movies; wrestled with a wake-up show on CBS-TV, then retreated to radio with a daytime program which he did from the new house he and his wife, Marion, designed and built in Bronxville, New York.

Never a Lindy's-loitering comedian, Jack makes it plain that his interest is in his home, his wife, their eight-year-old daughter, Randy, and her dachshund, Schnapps. The attitude carries over to his show. In casting, he looks for performers such as he might enjoy entertaining in his own home.

To search them out for him, he hired Tom O'Malley, a former Chicagoan who has been writing for or about television ever since *Kukla, Fran And Ollie* and *Garroway At Large* made national news from the Merchandise Mart. Paar and producer Perry Cross sit in on the final auditions, but O'Malley is the first line of research.

An audition for the Jack Paar program is easy, quiet, courteous. But, despite Tom's efforts to keep it relaxed, hope and ambition create tension. In a session arranged by a major talent agency, one young singer was Ivy League-tailored and heir to one of the greatest fortunes in the Midwest. The next lad, struggling to emerge from obscurity, wore an obviously borrowed suit. Each had a fine voice and a way with a song. Yet each approached the audition with such throat-tightening eagerness that they hit horrendous clinkers.

Their agent worried, "I can't understand it. I've never heard either kid do that before." Tom waved away the apology. "Forget it. When we feel some one is right for Paar, you'll know it A couple of bad notes won't matter."

"Right for Paar," according to O'Malley, begins with "a well scrubbed look." The brassy, the smarty, haven't a chance. Some of the people who send application letters and demonstration records defeat themselves at the start. A pet peeve of the Paar staff is the untried performer who writes, "Do yourself a favor and hire me." Says Tom, "The smug smart-alec is out from the start. We just don't have time to waste. It's better spent on people of promise."

Tom cringes at the approach, "My friends think I can sing"—but he reserves his deep ire for impersonators who are both talentless and persistent. "The guy who topped them all came in one day like he owned the joint. Maybe he thought it was smart to affect a jaded look. Maybe he thought he'd make an impression by putting out a limp-fish hand to shake hands. He was awful, and so was his material. I thought I was rather definite, the way I said, 'Thank you.' But don't you suppose he had the gall to come in again and demand that I tell him *when* he would be on the show?"

Still trying to be polite, Tom said, "I'm sorry, but I think you need more experience."

The would-be comic turned belligerent. "Who do you know who can do a better imitation of Paar?"

Said Tom, "I can."

"Then why aren't you doing it?"

Said Tom, "Be my guest." When Tom finished doing Paar, he added a take-off of the limp comedian himself. What the uncomic comic did not know was that Tom, following a difference of opinion with a certain publisher, had once filled in a dull spot by doing a night-club act of his own.

A happier story concerns the young man who stated frankly that he wanted an audition because he was broke. He also had been offered a Las Vegas booking and needed to earn the train fare. Somewhat skeptical, Tom listened—and found himself applauding. "He broke me up, he was so funny. That was Shelley Berman. He was so good on the show that Steve Allen grabbed him. He had agreed to come back to us, but we didn't hold him. It's not our job to make anyone work for $320 when he has a chance to shoot for $5,000."

The staff also wishes that new singers would stop trying to ape established vocalists. Says one of the girls who sometimes sits in on auditions, "If anyone wails 'Around the World in Eighty Days' at me again, that person had better get ready to duck the nearest heavy object."

Freshness, originality, preparation, pay off. One of the staff's favorite success stories concerns Carol Burnett, a youngster who was graduated from U.C.L.A. three years ago, came to New York, worked through a series of industrial shows and TV bits up to a night club act.

Included in that club act was a song, written for her by Ken Welch, which bore the astounding title, "I Made a Fool of Myself Over John Foster Dulles." Says Tom, recalling that audition, "We thought it was a little too hip for the Jack Paar program, but we liked it so well we took a chance."

The reaction was sharp. "The phones sure rang," says O'Malley. "Some people were crazy about it. Others got sore. The final word came from Dulles himself. We were informed through the State Department that Mr. Dulles had missed hearing it. Would it be possible for us to put it on again? Of course, we were glad to. Carol also cut a private record and sent it to him. Mr. Dulles thought it was great. It turned out to be Carol's big break. She was on *The Ed Sullivan Show* the following Sunday, she was held over at the Blue Angel, and she was booked into the General Motors Anniversary show."

Danny Scholl's story was even more dramatic. Cincinnati-born Danny had found good roles in Broadway musicals when he came out of the Army in 1946. He had done some television, some summer stock. "I just missed making it big," he says. "I never did get a recording contract. They had the idea that Broadway 'legit' voices didn't sell. If you don't hit overnight in this town, the agents want nothing to do with you. I couldn't get a show."

Collecting his unemployment insurance, he determined to quit show business. His mother, a widow, had a small farm near Cincinnati. She could use his help. "The only reason I auditioned was because the appointment was made."

Viewers saw what happened. Danny sang, "No Man Is an Island." As he explains, "It's a song of faith. As I was singing, it came over me that I wished my dad could have heard it. He was killed in an auto accident a year ago. I never had a chance to prove to him that I could do what he believed I could do. I tried to tell that to Jack when he called me over to talk to him, but I broke up and he broke up, too. Then, when he asked me to sing it again at the close of the show, that was the greatest. It's made a new life for me."

Danny's new future included representation by a major talent agency (the vice-president just happened to be in the audience), night-club engagements, and a recording contract. Danny Scholl is on his way. He is a singer who was "ready."

The problem of someone who gets the big break before she is prepared to cope with it is underscored by the Trish Dwelley incident. Hailed as a Cinderella girl, Trish drew national attention. Many viewers thought she vanished from the *Tonight* show because it was soon discovered that she had more professional experience than she first admitted.

Quite the opposite was true—the plain truth was that her naivete cost too much. Counting on experience being the most insistent of tutors, the Paar staff might have overlooked the way she tangled with

certain reporters. They might have been patient, too, with her refusal to arrange for the stage coaching they thought she needed.

But the fact that she had neither wardrobe nor musical arrangements made her much too expensive. Those necessities had to be provided. Orchestral arrangements cost upward from one hundred and fifty dollars for a single song. Six songs a week cost nine hundred—a sum greater than the girl's salary. When the bookkeepers added it up, the budget was the dictator. Trish Dwelley spent a period of seasoning and preparation before being invited to return to the program.

If aspiring kids had greater knowledge of such cold financial facts involved in entering show business, it would save many a heartache, Tom believes. "So many kids don't realize that a performer must make a capital investment." He ticks off the necessities: "First of all, anyone going on the program must be a member in good standing of the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists." (Initiation fee is somewhat over $100.) "A singer should have arrangements ready on from eight to ten songs. Wardrobe is important. A boy needs a couple of good suits and some sports jackets that are interesting, but not so wild that they'll look like test patterns when the camera hits them."

The young women on Paar's staff, analyzing a girl's wardrobe requirement, conclude that she needs three or four cocktail-type dresses and at least one full-length evening gown. Chiffon and taffeta are good. They should be simple, pretty and pale. Black and white are out. So are sequin sheaths—they're more suitable for night clubs. A dress should never detract attention from the voice.

For the young performer debating whether to go to New York, Tom reviews the conditions which exist today: "Unless you have some contact established, it's a long gamble and perhaps not even a necessary one. This used to be the main chance. You had to be here to be seen. That's no longer true. Recording companies, talent agencies, TV shows have scouts watching local stations, local night-club acts. A kid should first get experience near home.

"If you've got something, someone is likely to hear about you. But when they do, watch out. Be skeptical. Find out who they are, what they are. There are scoundrels in this business who bleed a kid for everything a family owns, and then aren't able to get bookings. We know who those people are, and no one hiring talent will deal with them. Anyone who tells a kid that show business is a bed of roses ought to be shot."

For young people who aim at the Jack Paar show, Tom sums up: "This isn't amateur night. You've got to have something distinctive to give."

For those few who have, the search goes on. They audition twenty to forty performers and choose only one. Each night Tom makes the rounds of the small New York night clubs, looking for likely candidates. Each day, he listens to recordings or holds live auditions. Nothing pleases Paar and his staff so much as to watch an act gain in stature and develop. Often Tom follows a performer for months, from club to club, before ever revealing he is in the audience. When someone is ready to be booked, Tom's as happy as the performer. New talent is the life blood of Jack Paar's *Tonight*. And, with Jack's understanding presentation of this talent, new stars will rise.

April **TV RADIO MIRROR**
on sale March 6

TRUE ROMANCE Magazine

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

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AT YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

A Valentine for Doberman

(*Continued from page* 56)

he explains. "I had a pet skunk in the Army. Called him Corporal Stinky. He walked like W. C. Fields. He was deodorized and frustrated. He used to drink the soldiers' beer—and, one day, he got tipsy and fell out of the third-floor window."

Maury has owned three dogs, one at a time. The first was honestly a Doberman pinscher. Maury had to get rid of him. It seems that a policeman was giving chase to a cat-burglar in Maury's apartment building. Maury's dog joined the chase—and caught and bit the policeman.

"There were a couple of other dogs after him," Maury recalls sadly, "but I've decided it's not fair to animals to live in the city. The last one I had was a toy collie. The superintendent of the building had a kid who walked him for a quarter a week. The kid was thrilled to have the job, since his father wouldn't let him have a dog of his own. The kid would take the dog to the park and they would run around and bite each other. The exercise was good for both, and they were happy. But, today, it's hard to find a kid who'll bite a dog for a quarter a week, and I'm out most of the time. Anyway, I don't think the city's a place for pets."

It's obvious that dumb Doberman and sophisticated Gosfield have little in common, and it follows that the character Doberman is not accidental. Maury is a creative actor, highly respected in his profession. He created the role of Doberman as he has many others. Maury got his basic training in stock and a couple years of Shakespearean repertory. He has a dozen Broadway roles, a half-dozen movie parts, and some eight thousand radio stints to his credit. He has played in all dialects, done both comedy and drama, both romantic leads and thugs. On radio, he recalls, "I was usually the gangster least likely to succeed. I was always shot in the first fifteen minutes."

Maury has been acting professionally since his middle teens, but he was inoculated with a love for the theater years before that. The oldest of four children, he was born at the New York address which presently houses Danny's Hide-A-Way, one of Manhattan's prominent restaurants. His father, now deceased, was a successful designer and stylist of women's clothing, who worked for Bergdorf Goodman and Hattie Carnegie. In his own shop, he designed clothes for such stars of the day as Mary Garden.

"I owe my love of the theater to Dad," says Maury. "We always had music in the house. Even when things were tough, he always had opera seats for the whole family. When I announced that I wanted to be an actor, he said, 'More power to you.' When I was on the road, a fast wire to him was always good for fifty bucks."

At the age of eight, Maury had a rough spell. His mother died and, for a time, he lived with relatives. Then his father remarried and brought the family back together. Maury's stepmother still lives and he is very devoted to her. When he was eight, the family moved to Philadelphia—then, in his early teens, moved on to Evanston, Illinois. There he was to get his initiation into real theater, but he had actually been hamming it up long before that. "I was in plays in grammar school. I was everything from William Tell to Lincoln—I guess I was the world's shortest Lincoln. I remember Dad made me a fur beard for that part."

Evanston turned out to be a lucky city for Maury, except for his experience as a student. He "graduated" from high school as a sophomore—or, rather, the school graduated from him. He was kicked out. "I was kind of a rebel, I guess," he says. "They said I had to like mathematics and I said that I didn't. Well, I proved my point. I got the lowest marks in an algebra exam—so far as I know—in the history of the United States. Five points for showing up, four for signing the examination papers."

He thought he wanted to be a commercial pilot and enrolled in a flying school at fifteen. He got one hundred and twenty hours of instruction before he ran out of money. This was during the Depression. Even so, for a few weeks, he tried to sell airplanes. Then he began to work in stock with the North Shore Players. It was here he got his first break—and first boot.

"It was Guy Kibbee who straightened me out," Maury recalls, "after I got one of the leads strictly by chance. A top Hollywood actor was to play the part of the Japanese valet, but didn't show up on the day of the show. I went on in his place that night. I wasn't quite seventeen and the newspapers made a hero of me. My picture was put outside the theater with those of the stars, and I was standing there, looking up at it and thinking you know what, when I got a big boot in the pants.

"It was Guy Kibbee, and he said, 'Look, the only reason you're here is because a very talented man happens to be sick.' He beat the swelling out of my head and then took me into the theater to rehearse me. I think that got the ball rolling. It wasn't long afterwards I told my father I wanted to be an actor and he told me to go to it."

In 1935, Maury thumbed his way to New York. Three weeks after he arrived, he had his first job in a Broadway play. "That first play was called 'The Body Beautiful.' It was 'the play lousy.' It opened on Halloween and closed the following day. Arlene Francis was in that one, too." Maury winces as he remembers, "In one season, I was in five Broadway shows and every one was a flop. *Variety* made a joke of it, saying that Maurice Gosfield was playing stock on Broadway."

Maury got into radio when Gertrude Berg saw him on the stage and asked him to read for the part of Sammy in her network serial, *The Goldbergs*. She decided Maury lacked experience for the role, but she did give Maury a minor part. "I think I was Melvin. I can't remember for sure, but it was that experience which got me interested in radio. It was hard to believe that money could come so easily, after working so hard in the theater for so little. Anyway, I went after radio work and, over the years, I've been on eight thousand programs."

Just for the record, not all of Maury's theater credits were flops. On the stage, he worked in "Darkness at Noon," "The Petrified Forest," "Three Men on a Horse," "Room Service." During his first season as Doberman, he also carried a dramatic role in the successful off-Broadway production of "A Stone for Danny Fisher." Maury has also played in such movies as "Ma and Pa Kettle Go to Town," "Kiss of Death," and "Naked City."

In March of 1942, Maury took a leave of absence from the theater. "I was in the Army for three years, ten months and twenty-nine days. On the way out, they asked me if I wouldn't like to re-enlist and I blacked out—well, almost. But, to be perfectly frank about it, I had a ball in the service. I wound up overseas with the Eighth Armored Division, but I guess they realized that I wasn't the heroic type. I never fired a shot. I was editor of the division's paper in the special service unit and ended up a technical sergeant."

Out of service in 1946, Maury returned to radio in a big way with a featured part for *The Theater Guild On The Air*, which led to other work, including a five-year hitch on Henry Morgan's network program. Maury also acted on TV during its pioneer days, but his job on *You'll Never Get Rich* was his first running part in a television serial. Not that he was hired to play a featured role. Actually, he showed up at the studio to be just one more GI in a pilot film in the series. Maury had one comedy bit and, the way he played it, he made the scene memorable.

He was then a GI named Mulrooney, and one of his buddies (played by Jack Healy) said, "Don't feel so bad. Maybe that was her cousin you saw her kissing. You know cousins kiss." The line was to get a laugh, but Maury's doleful, negative expression as he shook his head and scratched his belly turned the laugh into an explosion. Afterwards, a man walked up to him and said, "That was as funny a bit as I've ever seen." When he walked away, Maury asked who the man was. He was identified as Jack Van Volkenburg, then head of television at CBS.

Nat Hiken, then producer and writer of the show, recognized Maury's talent immediately. He asked Maury to make no other TV commitments and assured him that he would be a regular in the series. The show has maintained a high rating, and Maury Gosfield has become to Silvers what Carney was to Gleason and what Carl Reiner has been to Sid Caesar.

"We're all proud of the show," Maury says. "We all work hard and get along well. In the studio, it's all business. But some of my best friends are the boys in the cast—Harvey Lembeck, Al Melvin, Mickey Freeman, Bernie Fein, Herbie Faye, Jack Healy. We go out together socially, visit, and sometimes they bring their wives to my place for a party."

Maury likes to entertain. A gourmet himself, he is a good amateur chef. He gets enthusiastic about some of his dishes. One of his best is steak stuffed with oyster. He says, "This is expensive but simple. You take a dozen fresh-shucked oysters

PREVIEW "SAMPLER" FOR APRIL

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Gisele MacKenzie's fondest memories of Canada

Adam Kennedy of The Californians • American Bandstand's **Dick Clark**

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April issue of TV RADIO MIRROR on sale March 6

and season each with celery salt, Worcestershire sauce and fresh-milled pepper. You take about an inch-and-a-half steak, cut a pocket in it and stuff with the oysters. Use skewers to hold the steak together and broil medium-rare. My friends flip over it."

Maury works in an efficiency kitchen. kind of a big square hole in the wall of his living room. He doesn't cook often, and usually the kitchen is closed off by good-looking louvered doors. They are of pine-stained natural walnut—all the wood used in Maury's furnishings is walnut. These include a boomerang-shaped desk, chairs, and end tables. Maury has a sectional sofa covered with fabric of charcoal-gray shot with gold. The wall behind the desk has ceiling-to-floor silver drapes. It is a two-room bachelor apartment and the bedroom is as handsomely furnished as the living room.

Incidentally, outside the apartment, the corridors and elevators and lobby are almost as decorative as Maury's apartment—because eighty percent of the tenants in his building are fashion models. Many of these are Maury's friends. "Some are dating friends," he admits. "But, usually, I date girls in show business. You know, a successful, hard-working model is up quite early and to bed before midnight. Actors just begin to talk to each other after midnight. So I usually date girls in show business. We have something to talk about. I like feminine girls who can listen, as well as make you think."

In the summer, Maury moves out of Manhattan—for three summers, he had a house on Fire Island. When summer is over, he spends his leisure time with friends, visiting relatives, reading, visiting art galleries, or tuning in to hi-fi. Photography is really his only hobby, although he tried painting recently. "When I was twenty, I took a sketching class. I fell in love with an artists' model and my only excuse to see her was to take the class.

"Last summer, I decided to paint again and I bought about eighty-five bucks' worth of brushes and oils and canvases and the rest of it. I got myself out on a sand dune to do a seascape. Along comes a little girl about eight years old, with a ponytail, and she opens up a broken old box of water colors and goes to work on the scene. Well, when I compared what she was getting with what I had, I pitched my canvas into the sea."

But photography is something he works at. He has hundreds of shots taken at shows and on the beach and in the homes of his friends. The tops of the chests in his bedroom are loaded with developing trays and film and an enlarger and gadgets. Maury says, "Comes a wife, and this stuff has to go. Can't have both this photographic equipment and a wife in the same bedroom. They'd get crowded."

Maury doesn't pretend that the life of a bachelor is all bright. "I don't have a bad life. There's no dearth of dates. I get out two or three times a week. But then there are as many nights I come home with just a couple of newspapers under my arm. And what do I come home to? A hi-fi set, an enlarger. Not as nice as a wife and kids. Well, sooner or later, the right girl's going to happen to me.

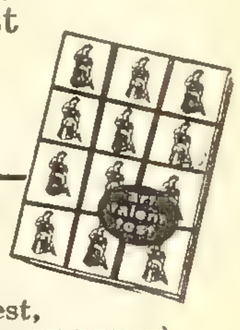
"Talking about it reminds me of the day before Phil Silvers eloped with Evelyn Patrick. No one knew he was going to get married. He sat down beside me during a rehearsal break and said, 'Maurice, you're just about the only one in the cast who isn't married!' And I said, 'What about you? You're single.' So he says, 'That's subject to change.' Next day, over the radio, I heard he eloped. Well, I'm subject to change, too!"



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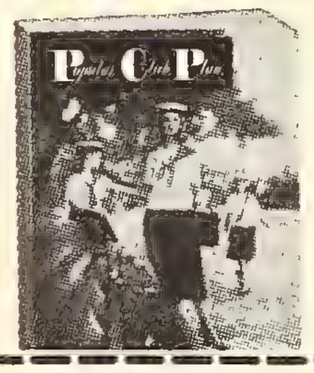
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Made for the Part

(*Continued from page* 41)

which filled her with wistful hope . . . because, as she puts it, "My worst fear has been that somehow a conflict might arise between the stage and my family, and one or the other might get hurt."

Now, in her TV role of farm wife, mother of Jon Provost (the Timmy of the *Lassie* series) and mistress of the most famous collie in the world, she believes: "The two main currents—and all of the smaller ones, too—have merged . . . and it's made me the happiest actress-wife-mother in Hollywood."

The day she got the part, a number of executive heads were huddling anxiously. Hundreds of young women had been interviewed, but none measured up to the right combination of sweetness, humor, warmth, tenderness and largeness of outlook. Then Cloris Leachman walked onto the set. She looked right for the role, and several gloomy faces lit up expectantly. Little Jon spotted her and ran up. Cloris uttered a cry of wonder. Jon was the image of her own eldest son, Adam.

Again the executives brightened. In a family show, more than compatibility between the players is needed—what's looked for is the genuine spark of sympathy that can burst into a glow of affection which will carry over to the viewers.

Then came the final test. Slowly, and with the grace and dignity for which the beloved collie is known, Lassie approached and sniffed inquiringly. "Yes, you beautiful thing," cried Cloris, "you smell right. It's Gaby, my Doberman pinscher."

"You get along with dogs?" producer Robert Maxwell smiled.

"I've always had one at home . . . and I've worked with them on stage," she said.

That did it. Cloris sailed home on a cloud and told her husband, George Englund, the good news. "How can I miss," she sighed, "when all I have to do is be myself . . . with a boy who looks like my own son and a dog as dear as our Gaby?"

The flow of events that led Cloris to the *Lassie* show began with her birth in a farming area near Des Moines, Iowa. As a child, one of her favorite pastimes was walking along the roads bounded on either side by acres of tall corn. Often, a farmer's dog would run out to keep her company as she walked. She learned a great deal about farm life, dogs and the way happy families can be raised in a home with a little land and a small but cheerful horizon, and was filled with an urge to grow up fast and have a home and a family of her own. She was also given dancing and music lessons—and another, more restless urge began to stir inside her. At sixteen, she was quoted in her high-school classbook as hoping for a career on stage.

She was a liberal arts student at Northwestern University, in Chicago, when an admirer sent her photograph to the Miss America preliminaries. (Her reaction, when she was notified that she'd been chosen one of the contestants for the title of Miss Chicago, was typical: She inquired at the registrar's office as to whether there was another Cloris Leachman on campus!) As Miss Chicago, she competed at Atlantic City and was shocked speechless when she ended as a runner-up to Marilyn Buford, Miss America of 1946. Her consolation prize was a thousand-dollar drama scholarship that took her to Broadway.

Many go to the Great White Way; few stay; even fewer ever get a chance to show what they can do. "I was one of the lucky ones," says Cloris. "I had an unsuspected talent that came to my rescue—a talent for 'playing second fiddle.'" This is her way of telling that, within six months, she was understudying seven roles on Broadway. She had been watching a flop show when an agent spied her in the audience, and told her he thought she'd be perfect for a play he was helping cast. The next day, he sent her to see Rodgers and Hammerstein and they signed her to understudy two parts in their "John Loves Mary." Then Cloris persuaded the famed producing team to let her understudy the female roles in "Happy Birthday," as well.

She was young but not foolish. She knew her talent would soon be lost unless she sustained it with stage know-how and acting technique. Famed director Elia Kazan accepted Cloris as a student at his Actors' Studio. "I learned so much, my head bulged with a hundred impressions and ideas. I felt I was really becoming an actress—and yet," a shadow momentarily darkens her hazel eyes, and she smooths back the pale brown strands of her hair, "I can't say I was fully content and happy. I was beginning to feel divided. Inside me, I kept asking, *What's it all for—where will it take me?* News of this friend getting married, and that one having a baby, choked me all up. I tried to laugh at myself and ended up crying. . . ."

Just about then, the Westport Summer Theater in Connecticut was casting for the tryout of William Inge's "Come Back, Little Sheba." Cloris took part in the original production and was invited to recreate her role on Broadway. Instead, she jumped at the chance to play Shakespeare with Katharine Hepburn in "As You Like it." This was a thrilling experience.

Cloris was sharing a dressing room with Patricia Englund at the time, and a close friendship had sprung up between the girls. Pat's mother, Mabel Albertson (actress sister of Frank Albertson), and Cloris also became friends. "I was crazy about both of them," says Cloris, "and I couldn't help thinking how nice it would be if there was a young unmarried man in that family." Well, one night, a tall, attractive, intense young man came backstage to visit Pat. It was her brother George.

"Pat was pretty cute about it," Cloris recalls. "She told George I was dying to meet him. Then she hopped over to me and poured the same molasses in my ear. Then came the introductions. I was very poised and said all the polite things. But, as I looked at him, I couldn't help telling myself, *If he asks me, I'll say yes—yes—yes.*"

Lo and behold, he did ask for a date and she did say yes. On their second date, Cloris decided George was "the most total human being I'd ever met." (She still holds that view.) It was on that date they realized they were in love. They wanted to get married at once, but their careers . . . "Oh, yes, our careers!" she groans in recollection.

Three and a half years dragged by, but their loyalty and devotion were finally rewarded. In 1953, they became man and wife. Her voice fairly sings as she exclaims, "I had a grip on the other great desire of my life—a husband and a home. All that was lacking was a family." She did not have long to wait.

One year later, she gave birth to Adam, now four. Two years later, Brian came. Last year, she presented George with his third son, George Howe Englund. It is her proud claim that she breast-nursed all three children. In fact, she took Adam with her on the road while appearing in "King of Hearts."

Cloris is a devoted mother and a fine homemaker. While she has the help of Julia Harris, an excellent children's nurse who has been with her for over two years, she manages the house herself. In a general way, she believes in the adage, "Whatever you want well done, do yourself."

Typical is the following scene of Cloris at home. A reporter, arriving at the door of the two-storey house in West Los Angeles, is met by George's Grandfather Erlich, a sturdy and alert man getting along in years. "George is in New York on business—he's directing the Harry Belafonte picture, you know. And Cloris is upstairs—wrestling," he says.

"Wrestling?" the visitor echoes wonderingly. She climbs the stairs and—following the sounds of giggling, squeaking and tumbling—walks into a brightly lit bedroom. There is "*Lassie's* mama" engaged in a hilarious catch-as-catch-can with son Brian.

"We're always having to replace mattresses," Cloris gasps, trying to get herself unrumpled, "since we insist on battling with the boys. When George is home, he takes on one of them and I take on the other. I believe in giving them individual attention. Frankly, two at a time would be one too much for me. And, with another one who'll soon be out of the diaper stage, we'll have to set up turns."

The family group follows Cloris to the kitchen as she begins to whip up an evening meal. Gaby, the sleek handsome Doberman, bounds in hungrily and is fed first. In blue jeans, without make-up, and with her hair pulled back, Cloris looks more like a teen-aged baby-sitter than the mother of three. With both Adam and Brian "helping," it's a very domestic scene.

Cloris has discouraged "shop talk" in the home. Once the children are in bed, she may ask George's advice on a role or some change of direction in her career, but he always insists that the final decision be her own. Although she is not sports-minded, she tries to take an intelligent interest for George's sake. A star athlete at U.C.L.A.—he made the all-Western basketball team—George plays tennis whenever he can.

One thing George always kids her about is that she can never recall the words of a song. She even forgets the "South Pacific" lyrics which she sang for a month at New York's City Center. "Of course, I never forget my lines as long as I'm in the part. But, as soon as the show is over, my mind goes blank," she says. "Maybe my mind is functional and only retains what it must use—or maybe it's an instinct for letting the past go and living for the present."

Although both her sisters were on the stage (Mary Castle was a dancer before marriage and is now the mother of two boys—and the youngest, Claiborne Carey, was in "New Girl in Town" on Broadway), Cloris has no intention of pushing her children toward the stage. "We'll give them any musical training they like, but a career will be up to them—and it will have to be after they're out of school."

To Cloris, one of the joys of home-making is entertaining a small, warmly affectionate circle of friends. Among these are Marlon Brando (who dates from her Actors' Studio days), Joan Collins, Gene Kelly, Stuart Stern and others. "I'm definitely not partial to goody-goodies, and neither is George," she points out. "We like people who have integrity and humor and who live honestly and boldly. A person must be able to talk straight—

and be able to take straight talk, too. Otherwise, no friendship."

She has no great love for "large social-duty parties" and is likely to be late to them. On the other hand, she will fuss for hours over a special dish to please an intimate group of three or four when she is the hostess.

It is not unusual for an actress to cry, "This part was made for me!" Cloris feels just the other way around: "The moment I heard that the part of Ruth Martin was open in the *Lassie* show, I knew I had been made for that part!" She points to her last big part on Broadway, which saw her "practically co-starring with a pooch." The pooch, an English sheepdog, was named Patchwork Peggy,

When Peggy's owner gave her a birthday party, with steak and cake, the Englunds' Doberman, Gaby, attended, too—and she had to be restrained from becoming the life of the party. "Actually," Cloris giggles, "George bought a Doberman home because he'd always wanted a dog that was aloof and mysterious. Gaby turned out to be anything but that!"

Just before Adam was born, Cloris was advised to get rid of Gaby. Dogs are jealous of babies, she was told. So, with many a sigh, mother-in-law Mabel Albertson worked up an ad to be placed in the papers, describing all of Gaby's good points, among them "friendly, endearing, intelligent and well-mannered." Reading the ad, Cloris exclaimed, "Why, how can we give her away when she has all those wonderful traits!"

On reaching home from the hospital, Cloris laid the infant between Gaby's front paws. Baby blinked at dog, dog at baby. It was love at first sight. The children and the pooch are now inseparable.

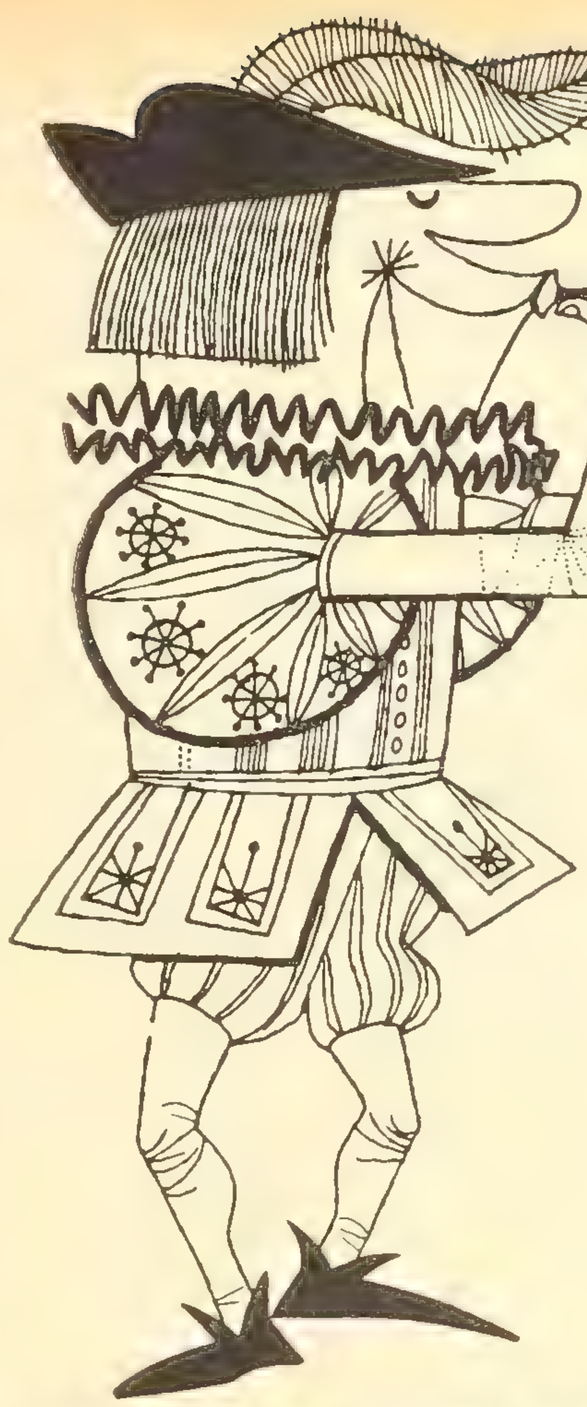
Jon Provost, the young star of *Lassie*, and Cloris's son Adam not only look alike. They have many tastes in common. As a result, they have become good friends. And little Brian often pesters his mommy to "go visit Timmy"—the Englund boys all call Jon by his TV name—"and play."

"Acting the role of Ruth Martin has made me realize, more than ever, there's nothing I want more than a home in the country," Cloris beams. "George's father was a famous screenwriter, and he'd had all the excitement of the entertainment life since he was a child. George and I still love the theater, TV and the movies, but we like the quiet life with a view—not just for the boys' sake, but for our own peace of mind, as well."

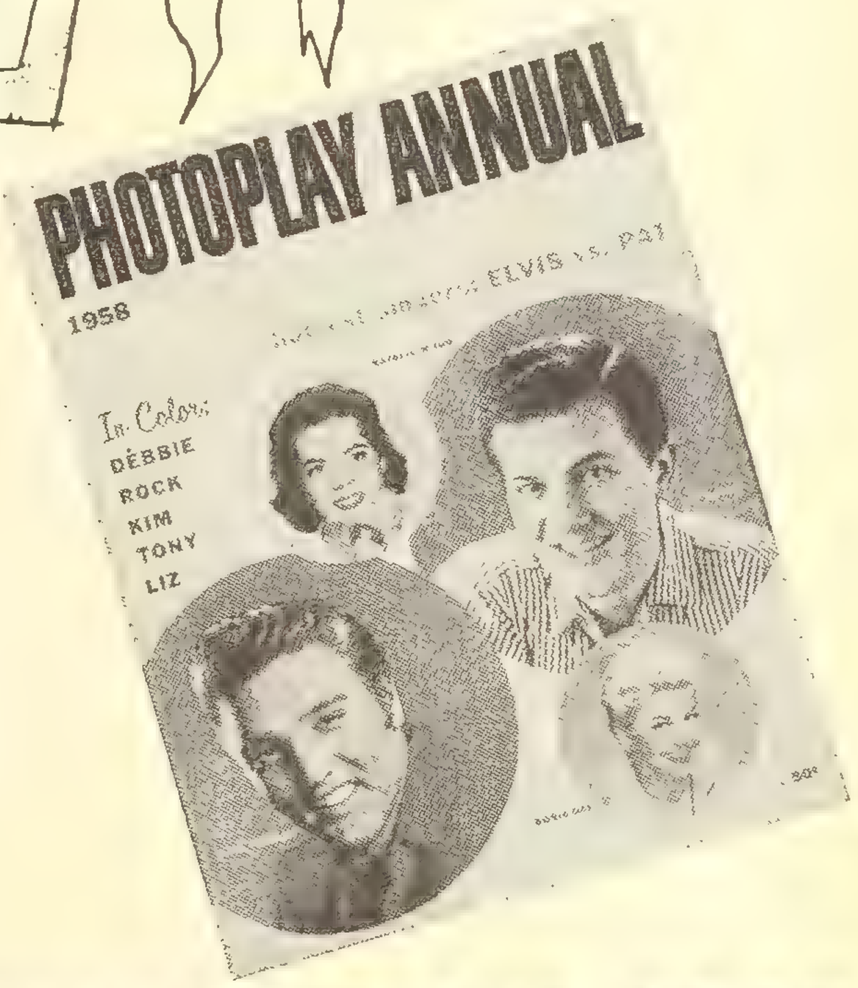
In this she is supported stoutly by her mother-in-law, who points out: "While some people say Cloris threw away a great career to concentrate on being a wife and mother, the truth is that, to Cloris, both careers—on stage and in the home—are like two blossoms on one branch. They grew out of the same impulse."

A dramatic insight into this truth was given recently during a filming of a segment of the show, as Cloris and Lassie stood near their home looking out across the fields for little Jon. All at once, Cloris's eyes filled with tears and she had to be excused for a moment. In her own words, this is what had happened:

"I was suddenly whirled back to my childhood . . . when I'd walk along the roads outside of Des Moines and a neighbor's dog would run up to greet me . . . and I'd have those pleasant dreams of the years to come under a clear, bright sky. And then I thought, *At this moment, I feel as if all the prayers, hopes, wishes and dreams of my youth have come to pass. Actress, wife, mother—all have come together. How lucky I am, how blessed by good fortune, to be so at peace with my family, my career and myself. I could play this role forever.*"



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The Ring Around Rosie

(*Continued from page* 45)

live in the Ferrer-Clooney household about four years ago. Previously, she'd been living with her mother and Betty Clooney —who, like Rosie, is a singer. In fact, Rosie and Betty started as a sister singing team when they were eight and five, respectively. They made their first professional appearance together on Radio Station WLW, Cincinnati, singing with a hillbilly band. Later, they pursued separate careers as singers.

Four years ago when Betty had to go on a road tour, she thought it might be best to send their younger sister Gail to boarding school.

"At the time, I'd been married to Joe for about six months," said Rosie, her blue eyes very soft, as though she were caressing a lovely memory. "Joe said, 'It would be a shame to send a little girl of eight to boarding school. Why can't she come and stay with us? We have a big house and plenty of room for her.' Joe is always very considerate of me and my feelings. He has completely adopted my family."

Gail did guest appearances on a couple of Rosie's filmed TV shows, and made some children's records with her, which turned out very well. When Jose was casting "The Great Man," in which he starred and which he directed, he decided Gail would be just right for the scene between two sisters, where one talks and the other giggles. He chose Gail for the giggling sister.

"Gail had to know the other girl's speech and react appropriately," Jose told me. "It is harder to stay alive in a scene without material, without lines. This is a much stiffer test of acting than delivering a speech. Gail met the test beautifully."

"Would you have hired her if she hadn't been Rosemary's sister?" I asked.

"I certainly would have," said Jose. "Nobody gets a job with me because he or she is a friend or relative."

Gail's name didn't even appear on the cast sheet. But reviews praised the girl who giggled, and audiences sent in letters and cards asking who she was. One of those who asked was Eve Arden. And, when Eve found out, she promptly engaged Gail's services for her own program.

"Many children, when they're working at a regular job," said Rosie, "promptly take over a household—but not Gail. She is professional, but she is not the usual professional child. She works at her job, but she does it quietly, with no temperament, no phoniness. She rehearses her lines quietly upstairs by herself, or sometimes with one of us cueing her.

"Without being a professional child, she has tremendous poise and charm. It is fascinating for me to see the combination of small child and glamorous pre-teener in Gail. Last Halloween eve, she had a chance to be both. When she went trick-or-treating with Miguel, both wore skunk suits with tails, and stripes on the back. In that skunk suit, Gail was completely the little girl dressed up for Halloween.

"Because Miguel had to go to bed early, they returned to the house at seven. Then Gail put on a skating skirt, leotard blouse and gay mask, brightened her lips with lipstick—and, for the rest of the evening, handed out treats to the children who came to our house." With them, she was a self-possessed glamour girl, dressed in an outfit befitting a young TV actress.

How can so much talent exist in one family, much of it under one roof, without the roof caving in? With Rosie, who treats you after a couple of meetings like a friend instead of as an inquisitive interviewer, you can be frank. I asked her, point blank, how such talented individuals could get along with each other without temperaments running riot.

"Actors' temperaments are over-rated," said Rosie. "Personally, I think there is no temperament like that of a harassed housewife—goodness knows, most housewives have plenty of provocation! When two children start to cry at once, the washing machine goes on the blink, or the drying machine won't work, then the phone rings, why shouldn't she get temperamental?"

"But *you* might have all that to contend with, in addition to your professional work," I reminded Rosie.

"I have competent help," she replied. She rapped on the wooden table for good luck as she said, "We have a maid who's been with us for seven years, and wonderful nurses for the children. When a housewife doesn't have adequate help, I think her problems are much more upsetting than when something goes wrong at work."

Over lunch at the M-G-M commissary, Jose told me, "There is almost no temperament in our house. When I'm working, I'm high-strung, but I seldom lose my temper or shout or talk in a loud voice.

"Rosemary and I keep our work out of our private lives. I study where I work—between the takes at the studio. When I'm directing, I spend so much time with the writer at the studio that I know all his lines, all the scenes. I don't have to go over my lines at home."

Home for Jose is a place for peace, love and harmony, not work. When the gates of the studio close behind him, he walks into a new world—one with enchanting vistas. He has a hundred exciting interests, many of which Rosie shares. He's fascinated by his wife, her family, their children.

When he first met Rosemary on a New York TV program, on which he guested, they already had a profound respect for each other's talent. Time has not dimmed this feeling, but it has increased their love for each other. Where teenagers often feel a physical passion they mistake for love, these delightful adults have grown into love.

When they were first married, those who didn't know them very well said, "How can a charming but lightweight girl like Rosie hold a genius like Mr. Ferrer?"

They didn't know our Rosie. Jose does. "It infuriates me," he said, "when people ask, 'What do they see in each other?'—as if I were an intellectual and Rosemary a barefoot girl from the hills of Kentucky, born with a velvet throat. Rosemary is an intelligent girl with a wide range of interests. Her looks, her warmth, and her great sense of humor attracted me. By some divine accident, we're both human beings.

"Rosemary is a singer, and a darned good one. She didn't get that way by accident. It's a nice and comfortable theory that someone who is able to sing as well as Rosemary does it by accident. Nobody gets that good by accident. She worked and worked and worked to develop her voice."

Rosemary and Jose used to laugh about the astonishment with which the world greeted their marriage. Now Jose added a firm footnote: "Rosemary has a lot more in her upper storey than most of her critics. This girl is not only a warm, loving person, but runs her household with smooth intelligence. She is a grownup, not only by the calendar, but in her emotions."

So great is the love and warmth that flows protectively and sensibly over the Ferrer-Clooney household that it melts all problems down to size. Half of this great warmth comes from Rosie; the other half—to Hollywood's surprise—from Jose.

The household may be filled with talent, but there's no competition or jealousy among the talented ones. Once, Rosie and Jose started to learn chess at about the same time. The late Herman Stiener, a close friend of both of them, and a master of the game, helped both of them. For ten days, they discussed chess strategy.

Then Gail came down with the flu. Jose bought her a chessboard. "Please show me the way the pieces move," Gail asked Rosie. After about fifteen minutes, Gail said, "Why don't we play a game now?"

Rosie said indulgently, "Honey, this isn't a game you can play after fifteen minutes' instruction. You don't just learn the principles of the game in one brief lesson and then sit right down and play. You'll need more instruction."

"I think I understand what you've explained," said Gail, "so let's play a game."

They sat down to play. Rosie was sure she'd trounce Gail soundly. At first, it looked as if she was right. *I'll finish her up quickly,* thought Rosie. This is something you're not supposed to try to do in chess. Rosie laughs now, as she recalls, "So you know what happened. In three moves, she defeated me! After that, I virtually gave up chess. Today Gail plays a very good game, often against Jose."

Gail is an integral part of the household, almost like a daughter to Jose. In turn, she idolizes him. Some mornings, Jose, Rosie and Gail all wake up at the crack of dawn, gulp down some orange juice then drive to Malibu, where they go horseback riding. When they're through, they stop at some truckdrivers' paradise for breakfast.

Rosie is full of praise for Gail's prowess at horseback riding and everything else. "Gail doesn't like to jump, but she's very good. She won third prize in her age group at a recent horse show."

Much as she loves her immediate family, the center of Rosie's world is Jose. Though they've been married for four years, when she talks about him she talks like a bride. "If I live to be 180," she told me, "we'll never be able to spend enough time together.

"That's why I'm starting to commute from Hollywood to New York. Joe is going to direct a musical version of 'The Captain's Paradise' on Broadway. Within twenty-four hours after he left, he called me twice from New York. As for me, when I woke up in the morning, I started missing him from the first instant. When I read the morning newspapers, there were four items I would have shown to Joe, that we would have chuckled over together. I cut them out and mailed them to him.

"From now on, I'm going to leave Hollywood every Thursday when my show is over and stay with Joe until Sunday night. Then I'll fly back to Hollywood so I can start rehearsing Monday morning."

Rosie says that the secret of a happy marriage is respect for the other person's time, talent, and wishes. "There's never been any question about my going to a party when Joe has an early call. To me, the most important thing then is for him to get his sleep. On the other hand, since I have to wake up very early on Thursday morning and have a full day on Thursday, Joe won't accept any invitation for Wednesday nights in Hollywood."

"But why?" I asked. "Why can't you go to a party with a girl friend, when Jose has an early call; why can't he go to the

fights with a male friend, when you have to get up early?"

"Because," Rosie said patiently, "we enjoy being together so much, I wouldn't want to deprive myself of Joe's company. There just aren't enough hours in the day for us to spend together."

Both of them enjoy watching fights. Miguel, their three-year-old, also likes to watch fights, on TV. It looks as though he, too, will have a bushel of talent. From the time he was one-and-a-half years old, he used to challenge his daddy to "pretend" fights. Then the wonderful, dignified Academy Award actor would topple over under the soft rain of his baby boy's blows. Miguel would start counting over him—one, two, three!

Miguel's a born mimic. When Jose made a picture abroad, Miguel accompanied his mother and dad to London, Brussels, and Paris. In England, the family met Arthur Howard. Miguel was fascinated by the actor's long, serious face, and soon began imitating him. Whenever Jose says, "Let's see your English face," he gives an almost perfect imitation of Arthur Howard.

Recently, when Rosie and Jose were having breakfast in bed, Miguel came into their room and said, "I'd like you to meet my little girl friend, Sylvia." He lifted Sylvia—who is as imaginary a character as the rabbit Harvey—and put her on the bed.

"What color is her hair?" asked Jose.

"Blond," said Miguel.

"How tall is she?" asked Rosie.

He lifted his hand about eighteen inches over the bed.

"I think I'll go back to Nana," he said next. ("Nana" is Rosie's mother.) He left, closing the door behind him. A minute later he was back.

"I forgot Sylvia," he said. "Come on, Sylvia." He lifted the imaginary child gently, then quietly closed the door.

"You might think Miguel was nuts," said Jose, "but he's the healthiest minded, most complete extrovert you ever met. However, he has quite an imagination. He loves fantasy. Once, when he was playing ball, I pretended to be the ball, and asked him not to bounce me so hard, because it hurt. For the next fifteen minutes, he carried on a long conversation with the ball, inquiring tenderly, each time he bounced it, if it was feeling all right."

"I gave him a candied apple recently," said Rosemary. "He said it looked like a bell. I pretended I could hear it ringing, and he said he could hear it, too."

Some parents go into a panic when their youngsters show too active an imagination. They find it hard to distinguish between lying and pretending. But, in a tender, talented family like this one, there's no confusion. Imagination and talent are encouraged, not discouraged.

However, if any of the children really misbehave, Rosie feels it's proper to spank their tender bottoms. At such times, Rosie's mother looks on with silent disapproval. Later on, she "alibis" the child's misbehavior. In return, when Rosie is tempted to criticize her mother for being overprotective, Jose says, "But Rosie—" and goes into a strong defense of his mother-in-law.

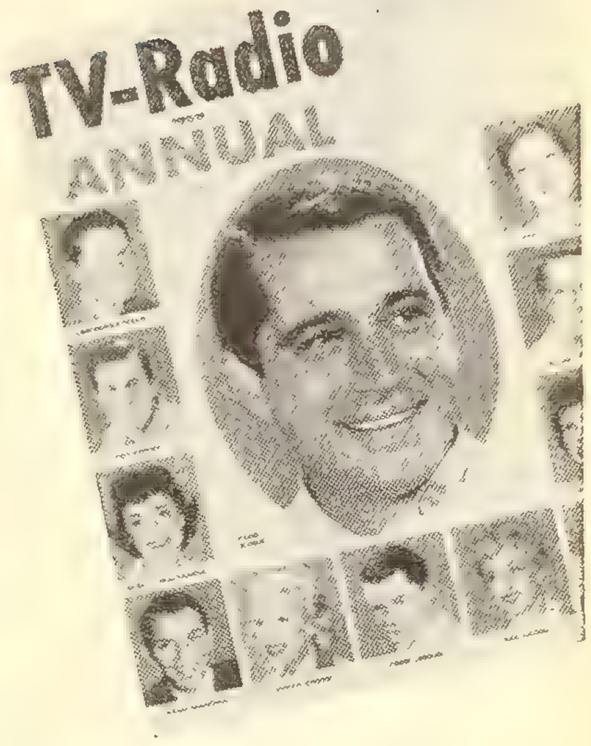
It's a family joke that "Nana," like most grandmothers, thinks the children are perfect. "We tease her a bit about this," Rosie smiled, "but Joe will never let the teasing go too far."

"Maybe it's because he, too, thinks the children are perfect," I suggested.

"Perhaps," said Rosie. "But, mostly, it's because he's so gallant, almost Old World in his attitude toward older people. He feels that we should never be the least bit unkind toward them. He never criticizes my family, and won't let me say a word against any of them, ever."



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Jose has tremendous respect for Rosie's talent, and is very much interested in music himself. When Jose was at college, he led his own band. Around the house, Jose does more singing than Rosie. He's the one who sings in the showers. You rarely hear Rosie singing around the house, except when she's singing one of the children to sleep. Miguel likes songs like "Bushel and a Peck," or "Pop Goes the Weasel." Maria likes bright songs, too.

So far, the only sign of talent Maria has exhibited is doing her Rocky Marciano trick. When her dad says, "Maria, do your Rocky Marciano," she sniffs with her nose as though taking a difficult breath.

When asked if she would like her children to go into show business, Rosie said, "I think parents ought to expose their children to lots of different things, rather than just one. I don't think it's fair to narrow down their world to one profession their parents want. Lots of parents try to live their children's lives for them."

Though Jose sometimes accuses Rosemary of being too protective a parent, he occasionally outdoes her in this respect. "Joe would like to foam-rubber the house to protect the children," Rosie smiled. "If he's playing tennis and Miguel starts to run toward the terrace, Joe seems to have eyes in the back of his head with which to observe Miguel. He says to Miguel, 'Slow down when you get toward the steps.' When Maria started walking, Joe told me, 'There is something with wheels and a bar that will not tilt. You've got to find it for Maria.' I went to about a dozen stores, before I found it.

"Because of the length of time we were away from home traveling, Miguel got a little confused about the time, and now wakes up each morning between 2 A.M. and 5 A.M. Joe got into the habit of listening to Miguel's faint noises when he wakes up, and of going in to reassure him.

"At least three times on the way to the airport to New York, Joe said to me, 'You'll have to listen to Miguel. The moment he awakens and asks for me, please go into his room and reassure him.'" Of course, Rosie does. But she says, "Isn't it funny that Joe should say that maybe I'm overprotective of the children?"

Since Jose and Rosemary understand and respect each other's talents so much, is there any possibility that he himself might ever become a steady fixture on TV, perhaps in a husband-and-wife show?

"Never," said Jose. "I'm terrified of TV. Steady work on TV would scare me to death. It might be professional suicide. When you're on TV, everybody gets to know you too well. The mystery that should surround an actor is gone. TV swallows up, chews up, spits out its performers. The TV public has been fickle with some of its greatest one-time favorites."

What about Rosemary? Is Jose afraid of what TV might do to her?

"No," he said. "That's different. She's a great singer, photogenic, attractive. I know she will not only survive, but become greater than ever. But I'm not young, attractive, or an outstanding singer. I have no faith in my ability to survive a steady TV series. I would never dare undertake one."

In every other medium, Jose shines brilliantly. So does Rosemary. And in every medium of entertainment they've tried so far, so do Betty, Gail, and Nick.

Last Thanksgiving Day, *The Lux Show Starring Rosemary Clooney* also featured Gail and Nick and Betty—who flew in from Miami for the program. (Betty is married, too, and a very happy and devoted mother.) This was truly a Clooney family holiday. But, for the entire Ferrer-Clooney family, every day's a holiday, a feast of mutual admiration and deepest affection—and respect for one another.

What's the Future of Radio?

(*Continued from page 22*)

casting. Except in a few scattered instances, the almighty dollar is still king and television is being consumed by the same greedy philosophy.

In years past, radio did a really fine job, for instance, in educating the great mass of American people to good music, occasionally even good drama and literature. Symphonic orchestra presentations, vocal and instrumental concerts by recognized virtuosi were ridiculed in the beginning as "long-hair" and "icky." Nevertheless, by sticking to their guns, the networks, and even certain independent stations, occasionally backed by alert and farsighted sponsors, have succeeded in teaching a grateful, if unimposing, percentage of the American people a real appreciation of the finer things in entertainment. I can remember in the early days of my career when people didn't recognize some of our great composers' names when we pronounced them correctly. Except for Tosti's "Goodbye"—and maybe a tale or two from the "Vienna Woods"—few people outside the cultural centers knew what we were talking about.

My point is that radio (and television, too, for that matter) could well use that record of accomplishment as a pattern and as proof-positive that American audiences, like their brethren all over the world, have an instinctive and genuine love for good entertainment. "Integrity" is the word I like to use.

By that, do you mean that radio and television should present nothing but serious music, drama and literature?

Of course, I don't mean any such thing. An harmonica player can have just as much integrity as a violinist. There is a vast difference between a violin virtuoso and a fiddler, but there are good fiddlers, and it is my contention that radio should never present anything less than a good fiddler.

In other words, I think radio—like television, like big-league baseball, like professional football and so many other things—is big business. And, like any big business worthy of the name, it should have unimpeachable integrity.

There are certain famous old brand-names in America which are as staunch and true and dependable as the word "sterling" stamped on silver. One knows, for example, when he is a recipient of a gift purchased in one of the really reliable stores, that—whatever the cost—it is exactly as it is represented to be. I don't think this is the place to pin any bouquets on anybody in particular, but I'm sure you know what I mean.

Radio ought to be like that. Television, too, for that matter, but radio especially, because radio is a much more intimate medium. One can listen to the radio even while making the most intimate "toilette." A radio set is a close, true friend—or, at least, it ought to be. If radio station managers and network officials were smart, they would never put anything on the air that is not the truth, and the absolute truth as God helps them to know the truth.

The engineers do a good job—all stations put out a fine signal, and frequency control is positive. Microphones are of the best quality obtainable anywhere in the world. But they should never permit a word to be spoken into these microphones, a record to be played, a note sung, or a chord played that falls beneath a certain standard of quality.

Beginning with the announcers who open the stations in the mornings, the microphones should be addressed as though they were very close, warm personal friends. No one should ever address "millions of people of the radio audience." Everyone should remember that, if there is more than one person in the room where the radio is blaring, it's ten to one they are listening to each other and not the radio, except in very rare instances.

No commercial "plugs," as they are called, should ever be delivered by anyone merely reading from a script. Whoever does the actual "selling" should wholeheartedly and implicitly believe every word that he utters, even if he reads it. And he should bear in mind the fact that he is very lucky if one person for every thousand sets is paying any attention to him whatever. And he must capture and hold the attention of that person and convince him of his sincerity if he's going to do his sponsors any good.

This is not something that can be done by an actor, no matter how clever. It must be done by a man well-known by his audience.

The spieler, the station and the network must have achieved a flawless reputation for honesty. No amount of money, or lack of it, should ever have any influence.

This has nothing to do with likes and dislikes and trends and vogues and that sort of thing. Just because a man is honest and trustworthy on the air doesn't mean that everybody's going to like him. (There are no degrees of honesty, of course. A man's word is good or it isn't. That little lad born in the manger in Bethlehem had His enemies, and still does.) But that's no reason why a man should ever do anything on the air that isn't strictly on the level. People either like or dislike you, for one reason or another, but you can fix it so that they can only say, "I don't like him especially, but he speaks only truth."

Everybody in radio ought to be like that. Every record we play on the air should be good music. Radio stations ought to stay away from the trash that's being spun on the turntables these days, as if it were the plague. Too many disc jockeys are working for the song-pluggers, and the recording companies, and the so-called "artists." And because they attract a rabid, morbid type of listener who has so little to do (and so much less common-sense) that he spends his time telephoning or writing the disc jockeys, they thus become misguided souls who think they have a big audience. They can't sell eight dollars' worth of peanuts in a five-cent bag. They do their sponsors absolutely no good and they do their profession and the radio stations involved great harm.

Radio, I pray, must have the courage to broadcast nothing but the best music and other entertainment, and nothing but the truth in news and advertising.

On controversial issues, radio should present both sides, of course. But, in that regard, I think the practice of putting a speaker on say, tonight at 8 to 8:30, to discuss some issue—to be followed next week, same time, same station, by another speaker presenting the other point of view, is abominable, and does nothing but confuse the listener.

I believe controversial issues should be moderated by an intelligent and well-spoken personality, sufficiently well-known to present a certain authority based on acknowledged trustworthiness. He should have both sides presented simultaneously, should carefully explain to the audience who these people are, what they represent and what question is up for discussion, and carefully draw out of each speaker the opposing views,

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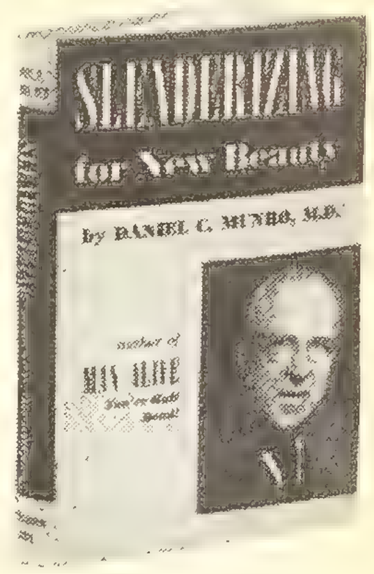
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summing up the program with, "And there you have it: The question we have been discussing is such-and-such. Mr. X thinks thus, and Mr. Y thinks so, and each has, I think, clearly stated his reasons. I trust that this has been of some help to you in forming your own opinion. This is your friend, Joe Blow, of the such-and-such network. We are at your service. Thank you and good night."

You know how it's done now: "The Slobbovian Broadcasting System is pleased to present another in its series of talks on such a matter. Tonight we present Professor Stableboy of Greenwich Liveries Academy, who will speak to you on 'Should Horses Be Banned From the City Streets?' Dr. Stableboy."

Then, the good professor goes on for thirteen and a half minutes, and anyone who tunes in late hasn't the slightest idea who it is or what it's all about. But he probably hears something that intrigues him or perhaps even impresses him. But then the announcer says, "You have just heard Professor Stableboy in another of a series . . . blah, blah, blah. Tune in again, next week, same time, same station."

Mind you, I don't mean that radio networks or stations ought to get involved in any way—because, under the present rule, we just can't afford to take sides. It's poor business. What I do mean is that each network and each radio station should be regarded as a close, personal friend of each listener, and should be respected as such. I mean I'd like to be able to tune in and hear that the personality, Richard Hotchcliffe—whom I don't particularly like (because his "A" is too broad, or he rolls his "Rs," or he has a nasal twang, or something), but whose word I know is as good as his bond—has Senator Skagbau there in the studio. I want to have him tell me that the senator is there tonight to talk about some matter in which I, as a taxpayer, have an interest.

I want to hear Hotchcliffe talk to this man and bring out very carefully all the senator's arguments in favor of his point of view. I don't want him to argue with the senator, but I want him to make sure that I, the listener, completely understand the senator's position. I want Hotchcliffe to assume that I'll understand it when he, Hotchcliffe, understands it. And at the end of the discussion, I would like Hotchcliffe to reiterate. I'd like him to restate the proposition and tell me in a few words what the senator said. I'm not the least bit interested in what he, Hotchcliffe, thinks about it; I just want to know what the senator said, and that will help me make up my own mind.

This doesn't mean that politicians should be barred from the air, or that anyone with a story to tell of public interest should be denied the facilities, but I want the radio network and the radio station to have carefully explained to me what's going on, who's talking, and what he's talking about. And, when the speech is over, I want the man whose voice I know and trust to tell me again who that was I was listening to and what he was talking about. I don't want him to tell me what he thinks the man said—because he can't help but editorialize, but I want to be able, if I am sufficiently interested, to write in for a copy of the speech so I can make up my own mind.

I'd like to see radio stations restrict vocalists to people with acceptable singing voices. I don't mean that every performer must be a coloratura, or a tenor, or a contralto, or a bass baritone; but I do mean every voice on the air should be at least musical and on pitch and, above all, professional.

That also applies to instrumentalists. I would like to see an end to this era of mediocrity. I'd like to see people have such respect for singers, and soloists, and musicians, and toastmasters, that I would never again hear any ordinary listener say, "Shucks, I can do better than that!" Every singer, every instrumentalist should be so beautifully trained, so professional in his performance, as to be an inspiration and create in others the desire to study and work toward the same kind of perfection. People get awfully tired of the jazzed-up stuff they're getting, but they will come back again and again to something that's good. And now's the time to build shows with taste and solid personalities.

Do you think that there are still men on the air who don't belong there?

Yes, sir. But I think they are poor, misguided souls. These are the men who change their personalities the instant they get to the microphone. Why do they do this? The greatest compliment I get from people who meet me for the first time, is when they say, "You sound exactly the way you do on radio."

The man on radio must be himself. No one at the station should ask a human being to do one thing that isn't honest.



"Nothing but the best," urges Arthur Godfrey, ". . . nothing but the truth."

No one should do the selling of a product except the man who is completely sold on it himself. People should take great pride in their integrity.

Can radio compete with television?

No, and it shouldn't try. Should the radio man boast, "I can produce programs just as bad as television shows"? Wouldn't that be foolish when there are so many people who want something better? There are millions who are not sitting in front of television, and there is a way to attract them and give them pleasure.

Do you think some of the TV audience has been drifting back to radio?

This past year for CBS Radio has been its best in a long time. I don't know whether it's a general trend. All I know is that we, personally, watch TV very little. Why? Well, let's put it this way: In the past, I can remember laughing hour after hour, week after week—for years—at *Amos 'N' Andy* on radio. I never missed dying with laughter at Baron Munchausen. And there was Jack Benny. I rarely missed him. (Of course, he's still there and greater than ever.) There was Fred Allen, in the beginning, with "Allen's Alley." Wonderful. But in television—for me, there are two: Jackie Gleason and Lucy Ball. The rest I can't take.

With a few rare exceptions, the top TV programs, as Fred Allen used to say, deal in mediocrity. So you look at TV night after night and, when you get through, you ask yourself, "Why did I do that? What a waste of time." I think that's why we quit. We know we're much better off with a good book, conversation, even a game of hearts. We can have the radio on, perhaps tuned to good music. Once in a while, a man comes on who knows what he's talking about and we sit up and listen.

You were talking about the great entertainment in past years on radio with such shows as Fred Allen *and the others. Can radio build that kind of program again?*

I doubt it. Unfortunately, there's a problem with dialect. Remember "Allen's Alley"? There were characters with Jewish, Italian and Irish accents. And remember the other shows? Most of the funniest depended on dialect. But, since World War II, people have become awfully touchy. I know that if I dare do any dialect on the air—except Cockney, which Americans don't laugh at, anyway—I get letters. People immediately think of persecution. So is it possible to have programs as successful as the original *Amos 'N' Andy* and the others back? I doubt it. In my opinion, it is impossible for people to write clever comedy day after day, without the use of dialect.

Then, in your opinion, is it impossible for radio to make a comeback at night?

Is it possible for radio to enjoy the tremendous night-time audiences it once had? No. To take away the big ratings of television? No. But radio can be a very profitable source of income for stations and talent, if they do it right. The audience is there. Look, according to what I hear, my shows are not the top-rated. But, according to my sponsors, my sales curves are twice as high as the other guys'. Why? Because the greater percentage of those who listen to me buy what I have to sell. If radio in general begins to think this way and finds an audience that listens because it likes what it hears—it can run an attractive business to the complete satisfaction of the advertiser.

Can network radio come back?

It's coming. As I pointed out, CBS Radio has had a good year and it looks as if they'll have an even better one this year. Networks have a great advantage in programming. Only the networks can service the radio audience with the big names in the entertainment business. Only networks can get top authorities for panel discussions. Only the networks have "live" coverage for national and international news. And the networks have the ace commentators. For example, where is a local station going to get an Ed Murrow? Record him and mail out the transcription? It would get there three days later. That's no good. All most local stations have is recorded music, because they have been concerned only with making money.

Last year, you gave up your Wednesday-night television show. Have you soured on television?

No. You see, the Wednesday-night program was supposed to be like my other shows. I chose a comfortable name for it, *Godfrey And His Friends.* That was supposed to be the show, but it developed into

something else. It turned out to be a retinue of singers, dancers, costumers, designers and so forth. I just went along with the producers until I got fed up. It was too much work for what it was.

But let's get this straight: I like to do television, especially when the show isn't being broadcast on radio at the same time. When it's pure TV, there's so much you can do just with the expression on your face—but wordless pauses on radio are deadly. My problem with the morning shows, since they are simulcast, is that I'm not completely relaxed. There is the TV audience, which can see me, and there is the radio audience which can't—so that I'm always inhibited. I don't like it. In my opinion, radio is one thing and television another. The twain should never meet.

If you gave up the Wednesday-night show because it was too much work, why did you just recently take on an additional radio series?

Well, the idea for the *Ford Road Shows* in the afternoon orginated long before I decided to give up the television program—in a conference with Arthur Hull Hayes, who is now President of CBS Radio and a long-time personal pal of mine. In my humble opinion, he knows more about network and local station radio than any other human being. I may be excused for saying so, for I think some of the things he knows about radio I taught him. (To explain that: A long time ago, Art and I took over the key station of CBS, which was a distinct liability—in the red, and accepted as such by CBS because they had to have a "key station." Together, Art and I turned it into one of the network's most profitable ventures. I sold him some ideas and he taught me management. I think I taught him more radio than he taught me management—but only for the reason that I'm stupid and will never be a manager. But, as for Art, he's terrific.)

Anyway, we were having a long talk, as we often do, and I said to him, "Art, have you forgotten that there's only one way to sell radio? The same as we did in the beginning. Give people a personality they can depend on, in whom they have faith. Not necessarily a performer. If he is one, that's great. But, even if he only has intelligence and integrity, you'll have an audience. Give this man to the people every day. That's the way we did it in the beginning. Now we're fighting for our lives, so let's do it the way we started."

Then I said, "Why don't you go to a big automobile outfit? Ford. Sell them a radio show with which they go on the air around-the-clock. Put men on those shows who are to be depended on. If you do that, you will come up with sales results Ford can trace to radio. They will be satisfied, and other advertisers will come along and take advantage of the same kind of thing." So he said, "Will you help?" I said, "Sure."

Just about the time I gave up the Wednesday show, Art came around and said, "Ford likes the idea. They want you." Well, I refused to go on around-the-clock. I said that there were a lot of guys who have as much integrity as I do. And I thought, besides, it would ruin a good thing. People would be asking, "Who is this guy Godfrey to tell us all day long?" But I liked the idea of working for Ford and doing my show for them. It's on from 5:05 to 5:30, Monday through Friday. I'm alone at the microphone. There's just me and the guy driving an automobile and maybe the one back-seat driver he's got with him.

What general conclusions do you draw from your own experiences in radio?

Now let me think out loud a minute. I first came into radio in 1929. I was in the Coast Guard. Saturday nights, I performed on radio—and for free. This was on an itty-bitty station, WFBR in Baltimore. I was devoted to that station. In one year, I worked up from performer to part-time announcer, full-time announcer, chief announcer, program director to station manager. We had great pride in that station. On the air, we proclaimed it "the official radio voice for the city of Baltimore." It was no more official than WOKO in Kokomo. But, because the governor used our microphone once a week, we claimed the title. I worked hard and I loved it. Besides being on the air, I wrote continuity, sent out bills and went out and collected them. I was making exactly eighty dollars a week.

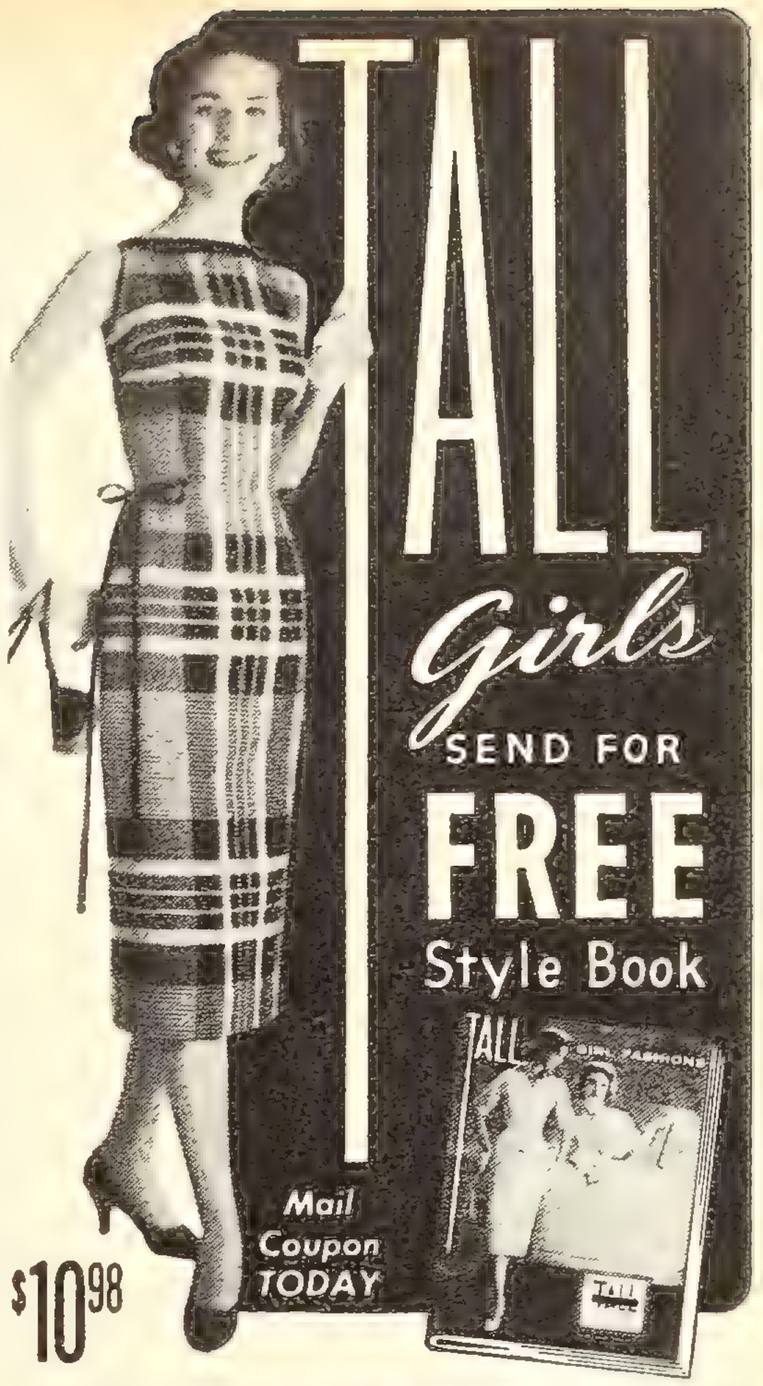
Now there was a radio columnist, Betty Snyder, on *The Baltimore Sun*. Betty and her husband now own a paper in Frederick, Maryland, but Betty was the first to put my name in a radio column. When we met, we became great friends. She used to tell me I had to move up to a network if I wanted to get anywhere. I argued with her. I'd say, "Sure, I'm working for a little station—but it's a good one." And I fought for it. But still, you looked up at those guys at the network. You tipped your hat to them. Then Betty got me an audition at WRC, the NBC outlet in Washington. They hired me at fifty dollars a week. It was less money, but now I was up there. I began to meet senators, vice-presidents, cabinet officers. I had printed cards that read, "Arthur Godfrey, NBC Announcer," and I gave them to anyone who would take them.

In 1934, I quit NBC. As it happened, I quit mad and went out to the flying field to work. I was never going back to radio. Well, Harry Butcher—who was later to become Ike's naval aide—came out to the field three days in a row and finally talked me into coming over to WJSV, which was the CBS station in Washington. I came back, not as a staff announcer, but as an independent performer with a three-hour morning show. For the first time, I was working to build my own career. Then I met Walter Winchell. When he heard that I was making seventy-five dollars a week for a program that brought in between $100,000 and $150,000 a year, he told me I was nuts.

I asked, "What do I do about it?" He said, "You go back and put your feet on the boss's desk and spit on the floor." So something like that I did, and I got the raise. Now, the network should never have allowed me to get away with it, but I was bringing in so much money from sponsors they permitted the insolence. I say that was bad. And I very soon realized it was bad, and I went out to work for the organization, as well as for myself. I did all kinds of special-event shows—from airplanes, from presidential inaugurations, from state funerals, from the morgue (on reckless driving). And all for free. I did them because of my pride in the organization.

Now you see the point I'm making: When television came along, who cried the blues first? The radio network executives. They weren't concerned with good programming. What bothered them was that they couldn't compete with television. There was no pride left. Then the little stations began to sound off. Their noise was based on sales—not pride in programming.

Well, I think the radio audience has come to realize this and is fed up with what it's getting. But I think listeners will respond to radio and support it if they get the kind of programs that come from integrity and pride in the medium. Radio's future simply depends on the people who make it.



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Like Father, Like Son

(*Continued from page* 33)

block, though not yet fifteen. Preparing for his debut on Dad's show over ABC-TV, piano-playing Sinatra, Jr.—about to accompany his father in one of the latter's all-time hits—got his final instructions. "You don't have to take off on this number," Sinatra, Sr. admonished. "Just play it straight and quiet."

"You want me to hold back?"

"Yeah," said Senior. "Remember you're the accompanist. Don't crowd me, just give me the best. That's all you have to do."

Said Junior, succinctly, "I could phone that in."

"No temperament," quipped Senior, "Be like your father—reasonable at all times."

Such ad libs capture their real-life relationship. They're very much alike. True, you'd have to go a long way to become another Frank Sinatra. You'd have to have knocked around show business most of your life, been up and down, loved and lost—and, through it all, kept that special courage which makes a champion. Sinatra, Jr. has done none of these, but he's his father's son. It's quite a heritage.

Though young Frank has taken piano lessons since he was five, he's nonchalant about his own ability. Asked if he thinks he'd like to make show business a career, he retorts, "You'll never catch me pushing those mikes around." Nevertheless, he was curious about everything on his father's set. He may yet turn out to be a producer.

So—in spite of the fact that Frankie, Jr. says, "None of this jazz for me"—Frankie, Sr. takes it with a grain of salt and a wink of the eye. Father obviously thinks son has a bit of the old ham, too.

At twenty-five, Anthony Perkins is six-feet-two, slender, dark-eyed and intense. Though his father, Broadway matinee idol Osgood Perkins, died when Tony was five, Tony has been exposed to show business all his life. He learned to read from his father's clippings.

Such beginnings explain why Tony is a dedicated actor. The theater is his profession, his hobby, his life. He's interested in anything that has to do with theater arts. He's taking piano lessons and has composed some works, the merits of which are yet to be judged. He has in mind making his own singing arrangements, writing his own lyrics, and possibly accompanying himself on the piano.

Tony can best be described as "boyishly bashful," a quality he also projects when he sings. He doesn't have a trained voice, but it has personality. His first record, the title song from "Friendly Persuasion," sold more than a million copies. Now with RCA Victor, he recently released "First Romance" and "Moonlight Swim."

On the surface, Tony looks relaxed and easygoing. Actually, he's full of nervous energy, has to be constantly on the go. He can't stand or sit still for more than a few seconds—even then, he's tapping his foot or drumming his fingers. His only sport is Tennis, with a capital T. He loves it, will play at the drop of a racquet. Frequently, he can be found slamming a tennis ball against a sound stage, to keep in practice.

But, about eleven o'clock at night, Tony falls apart, drops into bed and sleeps as though he'd been hit on the head with a mallet. Then he wakes up in the morning as though he'd been shot out of a cannon. Tony loves to see the new day.

Tony began his Hollywood acting career in 1952 with Spencer Tracy and Jean Simmons in "The Actress." Nothing happened, and he went back East. He made his first big splash on Broadway when he stepped into the John Kerr role in "Tea and Sympathy," which he played for a year with Joan Fontaine. Next come the lead in "Joey," on TV, the role which brought him back to Hollywood. By last December, he had to his credit four unreleased pictures, worth millions of dollars, in which he had starring roles—"The Tin Star," with Henry Fonda; "This Angry Age," with Sylvana Mangano; "The Matchmaker," with Shirley Booth and Shirley MacLain; "Desire Under the Elms," with Sophia Loren—and a brand-new smash hit on Broadway, in "Look Homeward, Angel."

Tony says nothing about marriage. He feels it wouldn't be fair to either his wife or his career, if he were to marry now. Yet he described himself as "completely available," and has dated Gary Cooper's daughter Maria, Sylvana Mangano's sister Natasha, and girls with whom he's worked—Elaine Aiken, Norma Moore, Venetia Stevenson, Susan Oliver, Dolores Hart. In short, he has played the field. The one woman he *has* really been impressed with? Sophia Loren. He describes her as the most exciting, vibrant woman he ever met.

Six-feet-one and lithe, seventeen-year old Rick Nelson is the tallest (though youngest) member of his famous family. He's been performing since he was eight, when he first appeared on his parents' radio show. When *The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet* came to TV in 1953, Rick came along, too. Then, last April, he rocketed to stardom on his own, when his first record, "I'm Walkin'" and "A Teenager's Romance," whizzed past the million mark.



Normally shy and retiring. Rick's personality changes when he sings. Once the music begins, his handsome face lights up like a jukebox. Rick's teen-age audience really get his message, on personal-appearance tours. Good-looking, with a shock of brown hair and blue eyes, he's the living expression of what every youthful male would like to be.

Fan mail from Rick's feminine admirers comes in by the thousands, and the Nelson office hired four girls to help him answer it. His parents, Ozzie and Harriet, have encouraged him by giving him every possible break, featuring his singing on half of their TV shows this season. Rick's recent discs, "BeBop, Baby," and "Have I Told You Lately That I Love You," have already topped his first record sales, and his popularity has increased with release of his new Imperial album, "Ricky."

Besides singing, Rick has another interest—girls. Typical dates? Dancing or a movie, then he wheels his special cut-down Plymouth convertible into the nearest drive-in for a hamburger and Coke.

Rick's older brother David—five-feet-eleven, and built like a halfback—is probably the wealthiest of Hollywood's second-generation glamour boys. Just turned twenty-one, Dave came into his majority last October, receiving $250,000 the courts had stashed away for him during his nine-year career on radio and TV.

Though blond, blue-eyed Dave is shy in company, at first, when you get to know him, you find he is well-read, verbally facile, and talks knowingly on his major interests—acting, football, his imported Porsche, his new motorcycle . . . and girls.

Dave has developed a hot interest in motorcycle hill-climbing competition. Any day you find him on the studio lot, chances are he'll be tinkering with his "bike." The motorcycle doesn't have lights, isn't for night riding. "I'm not with that," says Dave. "It's strictly a competition machine."

More than anything, Dave's all-consuming goal is to become a topnotch actor. He goes to movies at least once a week, has become what his mother describes as "our family motion-picture reviewer." If Dave comes home and says, "This is a picture you've got to see," all the Nelsons see it.

His own performances can be best described as belonging to the natural school of acting. "Be natural, be yourself," his father told him. When Dave played his first major motion-picture dramatic role in "Peyton Place," his reviews were excellent—so it looks as though listening to Ozzie's advice has paid off for Dave.

"Cute" seems an inadequate word for John Wayne's eighteen-year-old son Pat, six-feet-two, hundred and eighty-five pounds—and still growing. But that's how his fan mail describes him. His career began with small roles in "Mister Roberts" and "The Long Grey Line," then on to a featured part in "The Searchers." Elected last year in *Photoplay's* "Star of Tomorrow" poll, he was almost too shy to go to the party for his award. But his fans were right: Pat's now starring in "The New Land."

Pat is under contract to C. V. Whitney Productions on a picture-a-year basis, with the stipulation set down by his father that all filming must be done during summer vacations. Big John Wayne insists that his son finish his college education. Now a freshman at Loyola University, Pat is a straight-A student, but never brags about it. He was a three-year letterman in high-school football—when pressed for details, he says only, "Yeah, I play a little bit."

Honesty and loyalty are Pat's strongest character traits, drilled into him by his dad, and his acting reflects that honesty. For years, John Wayne has said of himself that he doesn't act, he reacts—he's just his honest self in front of the camera. Though his dad has never told him how to perform, Pat behaves the same way.

Even in terms of their smallest interests, Pat is much like his father. They are both excellent bridge and poker players, and Pat's a terror at gin rummy because he can remember every card played—a helpful talent in learning lines, too, his dad proudly points out. Both John and Pat play chess, as well.

Like his dad, Pat is a great practical joker, has a rather droll sense of humor but won't instigate a gag unless one has been pulled on him—then look out! He is an avid movie-goer, but doesn't care for the new batch of science-fiction, horror-monster films. Movies and dancing are his favorite dates. For a big boy, Pat's extremely graceful on the dance floor, though he has never taken a lesson.

Pat drives his own car, a 1956 Plymouth station wagon which his father helped him buy out of his 1956 earnings. Pat wanted a station wagon, instead of a convertible, because he and other teensters in the neighborhood have long double-dated, triple-dated and quadruple-dated Pat is the bus driver for the gang.

No steady girls, so far, for any of these second-generation glamour boys. But it won't be long, as least for the older ones. After all, their parents found their mates and these young men undoubtedly will, too. Then Hollywood can sit back and "make book" on a *third* generation of charmers.

Pop vs. Playboy

(*Continued from page* 39)

star of the family, the head of the house, the one who lays down the rules for the rest.' My son says, 'Oh, you mean Melinda,' and then Melinda comes forward. Well, that goes on until all the children are in front of the audience, and they finally realize whom the announcer wants.

"'You want our father,' they chorus. 'You want Bob Cummings, star of this show, who is the greatest, most handsome, most popular actor in the world.' Then I come down and give them each a dollar. 'Thanks, kids. That was great,' I say. 'You said it just the way I told you to.'"

That this brand of humor is well received probably stems from the natural appeal of the Cummings offspring, who are obviously having such a good time, and from their daddy's glowing pride. They're having a good time for more than one reason, their father thinks. They like to perform—but, more important, they get to keep the dollars. "They go to the pony run," says Bob, "and have ten rides each." This is living it up!

As a personable and instinctively sociable man, Bob Cummings is in conflict with himself as a busy actor-producer-director. The grinding work schedule supplies the niceties of life he enjoys, but also keeps him from parties and late hours.

"I do well if I go out once a week," he laments, "and then I go because Mary, my wife, insists. If we get up a little dinner party, I dress at the last minute and rush home early to study lines or do some work with Eddie Rubin, my associate producer. When I'm out, I can't take a drink. I have to stay sober to study."

Ruefully, Cummings admits he's a little jealous of his television creation, Bob Collins—the gilded playboy, the super-wolf. ("A great big bundle of Errol Flynns," Cummings describes him.) Women adore him. He's exquisitely tailored, constantly at the Mocambo, and invariably surrounded by swooning girls, each a luscious thing.

"I've been thinking it over," Cummings confides, "and I've discovered that I live vicariously. Honestly, I've never gotten to live like Bob Collins. It would be fun, but I've never had the chance. As a very young man, I was so serious. Maybe you'd never believe it, but I didn't know people like Bob Collins existed! I honestly thought that, if I kissed a girl, I was supposed to marry her."

It's clear here, though, that Cummings isn't complaining. His wife of twelve years' standing is the former Mary Elliott, a starlet he snatched from the M-G-M lot, a lady who is president of his television company and who is as brainy as she is beautiful.

Cummings insists that Collins is drawn from life, although a trifle exaggerated, and considers his show educational as well as entertaining. Backing his thesis, he can display stacks of fan letters subscribing to this theory.

For example, a mother wrote that her student son wanted to quit high school and get married . . . he was so consumed by young love. She advised him to wait a while, look around a bit, play longer, before assuming such obligations. He wouldn't listen.

Finally, she encouraged him to watch *The Bob Cummings Show,* and that won her battle. After laughing through the hectic romances of playboy Bob Collins for several weeks, the schoolboy decided that a bachelor existence was his dish—for a while, anyway. Other letters tell similar stories. And some girls write that they have learned to spot a phony "line" by watching the skillful Bob Collins at work.

"It's educational, I insist," Cummings says. "Young people need to learn about these things. And, if you've noticed, each of our episodes has a little moral. Bob lies himself into some scrape. His wiles usually make him look ridiculous before the program's over.

"Of course, now," Cummings defends his television alter-ego, "there's not a mean bone in Bob Collins' body. He wouldn't hurt a fly . . . much less one of those lovely young girls. When they go for all those drives on Mulholland Drive, he never does anything but kiss the girl—although I can't imagine why. But that's Bob Collins . . . a nice person, really . . . a rather typical example of human nature.

"When we began to plan this show," Cummings continues, "we looked over the television offerings and decided there were too many fairy tales. In most shows, people were too good to be true or too bad to be true. Television viewers are too adult and too intelligent to want that kind of entertainment all the time.

"People are a lot smarter than many producers and sponsors think. We decided to create characters with human failings—vanity, for example—who can tell white lies and resort to innocent little schemes to get what they want. Everybody schemes, even my children. Every one of mine—and every one of everybody else's—knows how to get around Mom and Dad on occasion."

Grownups, too, Bob adds with a smile: "When Margaret, my sister on the show, wants a new washing machine, she may nag Bob about it for a while, and then, maybe, she'll blackmail him—just a little!" Such tactics, Cummings believes, are practiced in the average home. Does Mrs. Cummings indulge? "You bet she does," says her admiring husband.

The Cummings children have five television sets at their disposal, most of them gifts their father has received after benefit personal appearances. Thus, each child can watch his or her favorite show without arguments. But one set amply serves when Father's on the screen.

What effect might Father, as the skirt-chasing Bob Collins, have upon impressionable young minds? "Like I said before," Bob chuckles, "the show's good for them. Can you imagine what will happen when my daughters grow up and go out on dates? They'll know every plot before the evening begins. A designing fellow wouldn't have a chance. And I hope my sons watch Bob Collins and remember that physical attraction doesn't mean a lifelong romance. There's more to real love than the perfectly natural attraction of a pretty face.

"Marriage is a very serious thing. It's hard enough for two people to get along in a casual relationship. And, in a successful marriage, they have to be exactly right for each other." Cummings becomes quietly thoughtful. "When you consider," he says, "how many husbands and wives can't get along together, it's no wonder the nations of the world can't agree."

As for that dapper, delightful rascal, Bob Collins, Cummings admits that he was developed from real life. A prominent Hollywood photographer was inspiration. "This photographer," says Bob, "is a really fabulous sort. He always drives a sports car. His clothes are perfect for every occasion. He's out every night, in the smartest places, and always with unbelievably beautiful girls . . . different ones every night."

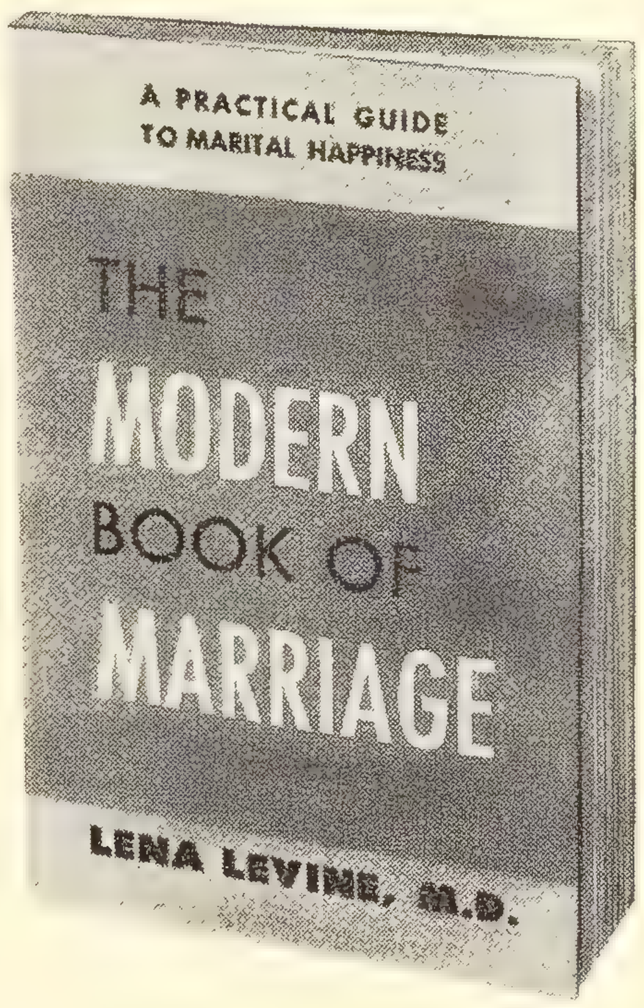
But this paragon had to be touched up for television. For example, the plane which Bob Collins owns and flies in the

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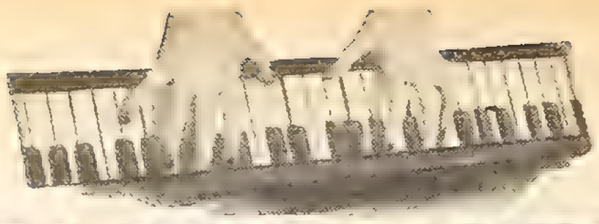
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television series is Cummings' own craft and cost a whopping $137,000. That's pretty steep for even a successful photographer.

Every man who watches the show, Cummings sincerely feels, can identify himself to a degree with its debonair hero. For instance, when he sees Bob Collins in the kitchen, being chased away from the refrigerator by the busy, apron-clad Margaret, he recognizes the situation. He's been there.

"We deliberately," Cummings says, "placed Bob Collins in a modest household so that the average viewer would feel at home there. Of course, we had to have him living with a widowed sister instead of a wife, because a married photographer wouldn't fit into the plot. And, once a television character is married, it's almost impossible to sever the relationship. Look at the trouble Danny Thomas had!"

On the other hand, when Collins loads his sports car or his strong right arm with a bundle of feminine beauty, the male viewer may recognize himself again—or, at least, recognize his ambitions.

The gullible girls on the Cummings show are also typical, the star maintains. "This may sound conceited," Cummings observes, shifting to a more comfortable position on the broad, coral sofa, "but I can make almost any woman believe almost anything. Possibly every actor can, because he's a student of human nature, and he can play a convincing part even when he's lying. Do you understand what I mean?

"The most foolish idea in the world is that you can trust the man who looks you squarely in the eye. When I meet somebody like that, I'm scared to death. The man who looks you in the eye is the man to avoid—because he's been practicing the 'trustworthy' act."

Girls, girls, girls go past associate producer Eddie Rubin's educated gaze every week, seeking parts on *The Bob Cummings Show.* And Rubin is seeking acceptable girls as eagerly as they seek roles, auditioning perhaps a hundred beauties for every one chosen. He does preliminary screening, but Cummings joins him for the final word. Rubin also operates a dramatic school on the set, knocking rough edges off the dialogue before the director takes charge.

Oddly enough, in Hollywood—mecca for beauty-contest winners and other girls who've been told they're pretty—it's difficult to locate the gorgeous dolls who people Bob Collins' television world. In addition to beauty, a girl needs dramatic ability and a flair for comedy. Further, the lass who's pretty in person may not photograph well.

"Frequently," Cummings explains, "a girl will have gorgeous coloring and a vitality that makes her seem lovely. Photograph her in black-and-white, and she's got nothing. I've developed an ability to see a person in black-and-white the minute we meet.

"Another problem we face, in picking girls for the show, is that the quality of beauty is as varied as people. And taste in beauty varies. Every bachelor in Los Angeles has a girl he thinks is wonderful. He comes to me and says, 'Bob, you've got to see this one. She's out of this world. She's perfect for your show.'

"He insists on bringing her to me and, usually, she's impossible . . . for television, anyway. Still, this guy honestly thinks she's terrific. What can I tell him? I've lost some friends this way. It's amazing what a man will do for a girl when he thinks he's in love with her. To him, she's the most beautiful thing alive, no matter how she looks to other people—or the camera."

The majority of the showgirls on the Cummings program are secured from agencies. Some do make application through letters addressed to the star, but these messages go into the wastebasket. There's just no other way to handle them. "The poor kids don't understand how things work here," Cummings sympathizes. "Also, a few of the letters are downright brazen or just plain vulgar."

It's been said that anything can get monotonous. But, according to Cummings, that's as false as the old adage about trusting the man who can look you in the eye! Week after week, month after month, he's earned his living by making frantic love to one walking dream after another. It's just a job, like selling shoes or working in a bank. By all rights, he should get sick and tired of so much repetition.

But does he? Does he ever find kissing-for-pay tiresome?

Cummings looks at the ceiling and smiles a secret smile.

"I haven't yet," he says. "Not yet."

Married Life With Lawford

(*Continued from page* 21)

and danced like a breeze by night. She looked equally well in sportswear and evening gowns. She was not impressed by Peter Lawford's status as a motion picture star (she had danced and swum with dukes and earls). And, with the same mental maturity, she refused to take herself seriously.

How does a man pay court to a girl like that? Well, in the best *Thin Man* tradition, he says he is returning to Los Angeles after Christmas and, if she goes through town on her way to the Orient, he could be induced to buy her a hamburger—provided she would play him a set of tennis first. The hamburger might even turn into a steak.

As it turned out, the January weather in Los Angeles proved to be superb. So did the tennis and the steaks. And the dancing. However, a girl who has a global ticket in one pocket and a passport in the other is scarcely in the mood to listen to the words of a young man standing tall in the moonlight, regarding her with an expression both rapt and quizzical.

In one of the most protracted double-takes in history, Pat Kennedy boarded a plane at Los Angeles' International Airport, flew to Honolulu, changed planes, flew to Tokyo, then shook her head to clarify thought. After explaining her blissful preoccupation to her brothers, Pat flew back to Honolulu, back to Los Angeles, told Peter "yes," flew to New York—and there became Mrs. Peter Lawford, on April 24, 1954.

After an Hawaiian honeymoon, the Lawfords settled to the lifetime series of emotional discoveries called marriage. One of Pat's first realizations was that she had married a Nick Charles—blithe, resourceful, unpredictable, sometimes frolicsome but always well-organized.

Everything Pete did was done with a purpose—and a Lawford touch. He had his shoes handmade in New York (because of his unusually narrow feet), then he spent his leisure days in Japanese scuffs and his studio days (until his director protested) in a pair of black velvet house-slippers.

He regarded himself as an accredited member of the air age and never, for a moment, considered any other means of transportation between Los Angeles and New York. Yet, he usually came within

twenty seconds of missing his flight. "There must be a psychological reason," Pat mused.

"Darned right, dear," said Peter, and told her about his aircraft accident.

He had been en route to Mexico City. Poured onto the plane by a coterie of convivial souls, Peter had taken a sedative and had gone immediately to sleep. He had been awakened by the stewardess, who announced that the plane would soon land in Mexico, D. F. Did Mr. Lawford care to shave on the plane or after he reached his hotel?

"Right now, thank you," he said, feeling great and leaping into the aisle with the vigor of the pure in heart. He strode to the forward comfort compartment of the plane, found it "Occupado," leaned against the bulkhead to await his turn, and realized that—in air as smooth as a satin ribbon—he had lost his sense of balance. Blacking out, he fell across one of the forward seats, cutting a gash beneath his right eye.

Somewhat later, a doctor used four stitches to close the wound, observing that the blow, if sustained an inch higher, could have cost Peter his starboard sight—or his life.

Nearly every woman hopes for her man to reveal an occasional streak of sentimentality. Nora Charles, spouse of Nick, has been known by TV viewers to fish for spoken evidence of husbandly approval. Pat Lawford, spouse of Pete, has never had to resort to ladylike grilling to check her domestic batting-average.

The Lawfords had been married only a few months when Peter came home one afternoon looking mildly important and carrying a large square box under his arm. "For you," he said casually, dropping it on the sofa. "No special occasion. Just . . . *you.*" Unboxed and untissued, the contents proved to be a sports outfit—capris, shirt, flats and kerchief, all in Pat's size, all from one of Pat's favorite shops.

When Christopher, the Lawford scion, was born, his mother received a pair of diamond earrings from Christopher's ecstatic father. When Sydney (named for her Grandfather Lawford) was born, there was a gold mesh purse for Pat from Peter.

One November morning, after the Lawfords had been married seven months, Peter said idly, "I'm about to have three weeks free. Wouldn't it be great to spend the time in Honolulu?"

"It would," said Pat, smiling into her husband's eyes, in memory of their Hawaiian honeymoon. "Of course, it's so close to Christmas, and there are so many things to do . . ."

"True," said Pete. That seemed to close the matter—except that, three days later, he tossed airline tickets into Pat's lap with the announcement, "We leave tomorrow at midnight. Reservations at the Halekulani all made."

Peter's memory is phenomenal. He is one of the quickest studies in the theatrical profession, and his list of memorized telephone numbers would fill the directory for a town the size of, say, Peoria. His memory also covers the addresses of most of the homes of his friends, scattered as they are over the face of the globe. But, now and then—admirable trait in a husband—he slips.

The Lawfords set out for a dinner party one night, and the last thing Pat asked Peter before closing the door was, "Do you have the address?" Pete, slightly embarrassed because he had been slow in dressing, and so had caused them to be a little late, replied grandly that he didn't need the address. He knew exactly where he was going and how to get there.

Thirty minutes later, he was still mumbling addresses under his breath and cursing the constantly changing face of Los Angeles. Pat refrained from comment. A relaxed type, she is the sort of wife who permits a man to alter course at his discretion without having to worry about such masculine preoccupations as "saving face."

Pete stopped at the next filling station, called home and asked the maid to look up the address (unlisted in the telephone directory) and was able to say comfortably, "I'm only off a block. I *knew* it was right around here somewhere. What threw me off was that new house on the corner. Changes the appearance of the entire area."

Poised as Nora Charles herself, Pat agreed, with a perfectly straight face, "Things are confusing at night, too. Landmarks look different."

Sometimes, however, the prankishness that is an essential part of the personality of both Nick Charles and Peter Lawford causes the wife of each to entertain baseball-bat impulses.

When Pat returned to New York, after a six-week junket with her sisters to Russia ("We were nervous the entire time—we were followed, our rooms were searched"), she was met at Idlewild Airport by Pete, who had flown East for the reunion.

Once established in their suite at the hotel, Pete said apologetically, "These are the best accommodations I could get on the spur of the moment."

"Perfect. Especially after what I've seen," sighed Pat.

"One serious problem is that baby next door," Pete frowned. "It cried all night and it was still setting up a merry howl when I left for the airport. I think we should complain."

Pat said she didn't think she would mind a little crying. The sound of a baby would be music to her ears, because she had been so homesick for Christopher (then six months old).

"I still think I should take action," Pete said. "You're tired and should have rest."

Striding to the communicating door, he unlocked it, opened it, and marched into the adjoining room as if he owned the hotel, while Pat protested wildly in the background.

Picking up a crowing infant, Peter returned to Pat—who was staring at the back of a white-clad nurse who (Pat was convinced) was about to break into screams for the police.

Then, suddenly, she recognized her own son in his father's arms. "Oh, *you!*" she said to Pete, but the glorious surprise of holding Christopher close dissipated any other emotion she might have been inclined to express. "You're wonderful," she told her grinning spouse.

It was a typical *Thin Man* fadeout: A little sentimental, a little funny, and altogether satisfying.

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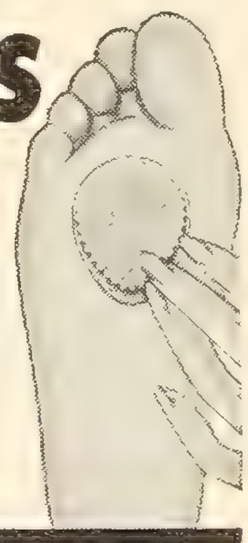
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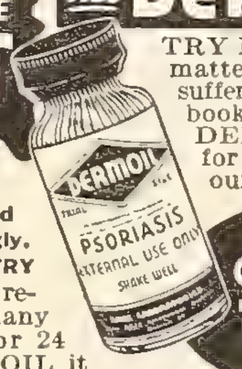
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Nine New Men on the Welk Team

(*Continued from page 26*)

that Alvan must certainly have a lot of friends. "No," wisecracked Lawrence Welk, "he's just got a big family!"

One of the few bachelors in the band is new member Art Depew, trumpeter. Art was born in West Palm Beach, Florida, but his father's duties as a minister in the Christian Church took the family traveling to various towns as Art was growing up. Art's parents are now stationed at a mission in the Belgian Congo.

It was Art's father who was really responsible for his taking up the trumpet. Back when he was eleven years old, Art had a yen to make music, and asked his dad if he might buy a clarinet. The elder Depew commended his son on his musical aspirations, but vetoed the clarinet. He claimed that instrument "squeaked," and suggested that Art try the trumpet, instead.

Art attended Central High School in West Palm Beach, Albert G. Parish High in Selma, Alabama, and was graduated from Auburn High in Auburn, Alabama. After high school, he formed his own band, made up largely of musicians from the University of Alabama, and the group trekked north to New York.

Later, Art joined the Bob Chester band, staying with them for a number of years, with time out for a stretch with the Army ground forces. For more than three years, he studied trumpet at the Juilliard conservatory, and later played with Tex Beneke and the Tommy Dorsey bands.

Back in 1951, the Southern California climate beckoned, so Art pulled up stakes and moved west. There was a period, while he was getting settled, when he worked at the Lockheed aircraft factory. But soon he was back to playing his trumpet, freelancing in various orchestras for television and movie studios. Art maintains a bachelor apartment in Burbank, where his only "responsibility" is George, his fluffy white poodle.

So far as Joe Feeney is concerned, all he's ever really wanted to do is to sing. His job with the Welk band is the first he's had which has enabled him to sing for a living—which means that Feeney is a pretty happy boy, these days.

Back in Grand Island, Nebraska, where Joe grew up, he was a boy soprano in St. Mary's Cathedral choir, went on to sing tenor solos with the choir and with the glee club at St. Mary's Cathedral High. Father Naughton, himself an accomplished Irish tenor, encouraged Joe. For a year, Joe went to St. Benedict's College in Atchison, Kansas—and then, for two years more, to the University of Nebraska at Lincoln, where he studied under Dr. Arthur Westbrook. Then it was into the Army, where he was stationed at Camp Polk, Louisiana.

It was while Joe was at the University of Nebraska that he met Georgia Lee Gryva, now his wife. The way she tells it, she was passing by the music building on the campus when she was attracted by the sweet tones of an Irish tenor coming from one of the practice rooms. Curious, she wandered inside to take a look at the singer. By the time she reached the practice room, however, the singing had stopped. Georgia mistakenly identified a tall fellow leaning over the piano as the soloist. She paid no attention whatsoever to Joe, whose feet were propped up on the piano keyboard at the moment.

There were a few awkward moments before things were straightened out. But Joe must have smoothed them over fairly well—he started dating Georgia, and it wasn't long before they were married. Even though Joe's education was interrupted by his Army service, Georgia went on to get her degree in music from the University and subsequently taught music in Missouri Valley, Iowa, and in Nebraska.

In order to make a living, after he came out of the Army, Joe had all sorts of jobs. He worked on the railroad, and he worked as a salesman. But always he sang whenever he had a chance. Among those chances was one as a featured vocalist on the Omaha radio program, *WOW Calling*. Lyle DeMoss, manager of Station WOW, felt Joe had such superior talent that he sent a tape recording of Joe's voice to Welk, and this resulted in Joe's being signed to the Champagne Music Makers.

Joe now lives in Westchester, a suburb of Los Angeles, with his wife and their two youngsters, Joe, Jr., 3, and Kathy, 1.

Clown among the new recruits is Pete Fountain, clarinetist from New Orleans, Louisiana, who sports a "bop" beard and sends the rest of the band into gales of laughter with his jive talk. Confirmed Dewey Peter Paul Fountain, Jr., Pete has enough names for two men—and enough enthusiasm, wit and talent for more than two.

Easygoing, fun-loving Pete would probably still be playing jazz clarinet in the French Quarter in New Orleans, if it weren't for the fact that Lawrence Welk is a very determined man. Welk had spotted Pete, described him as "one of the outstanding jazz clarinet players in the world today," and decided the Champagne Music Makers needed him. In spite of the fact that Pete's roots were in New Orleans, where he'd just bought a home for his wife and three children, the offer Welk made was too tempting to be turned down.

Pete remembers listening, when he was about ten years old, to Benny Goodman on the radio. "I didn't know what it was he was playing, but it sure sounded good," he recalls. "Dad played drums and violin when he was young—so, when I told him I wanted to learn to play like Benny Goodman, he saw to it that I got lessons." Pete's father, Dewey Fountain, is a salesman in New Orleans, and Pete's sister, Mrs. Dolores Matherne, still lives in the home town.

Pete studied with Immanuel Alexandra of the New Orleans Symphony, and at Johnny Wigg's State Band school of music. He went to McDonogh Public School 28, and on to Warren Easton High School in New Orleans. There he played with a group called the Junior Dixieland band, which won a Horace Heidt talent contest and went on tour.

After the tour, Pete joined Phil Zito's Dixieland band, and it was while he was with that group that he met Beverly Lang, whom he married two years later. In 1950, Pete helped organize the Basin Street Six, which played New Orleans spots for four years. All the while, Pete had been blithely turning down offers to go with big-name bands—among them Tommy Dorsey and Charlie Spivak.

He formed his own combo, Pete Fountain and His Three Coins, and later went with the Dukes of Dixieland to play for seven months in Chicago. "That cured me of wanting to go on the road," Pete vows. Back in New Orleans, he developed his exciting instrumental technique by following the pace set by the late Irving Fazola, one of the stars of Bob Crosby's famed Bobcats. Another of the Bobcats, Eddie Miller, is a neighbor of Pete's in North Hollywood, where the Fountains have settled with their youngsters, Darah Ann, 5; Kevin, 2; and Jeffery, 1.

Jimmy Henderson, trombonist, probably started his musical training earlier than most of the Champagne Music Makers. He began playing the trombone when he was

six. How could a six-year-old reach all the positions on that instrument? Jimmy answers that simply by saying he couldn't—but he did manage to make it to the fourth position by using his bare feet! He confesses that he happened to pick trombone because someone had given the instrument to his older brother, and young Jimmy was determined he'd learn, too.

Back in Wichita Falls, Texas, where Jimmy was born and reared, his father, George T. Henderson, has been city clerk for twenty-seven years. Jimmy's mother has taught piano for years, still has fifty or sixty pupils. It was she who taught Jimmy piano, insisted that he take violin lessons for six years, and encouraged him in his trombone study. The family still lives at 1816 Elizabeth Street in Wichita Falls.

At the age of twelve, having learned well from his instructor, Tom McCarty, Jimmy was a concert trombonist with the Wichita Falls Symphony Orchestra. At thirteen, he had his musician's union card. In high school, Jimmy formed his own dance band. After graduation, he attended the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, in Ohio, and played with the symphony orchestra in that city.

Later, he played in the bands of Hal McIntyre, Tommy Dorsey, and the Dorsey Brothers. But the wandering life of a dance-band musician was not for Jimmy, and he vowed that, when his oldest child was of school age, he'd settle in one spot. That spot turned out to be Encino, California, where Jimmy now lives with his wife and their daughters, Jennie Lee, 8, and Julia Ann, 4. Mrs. Henderson, the former Shirley Carter, used to sing in Wichita Falls; now she sings in the neighborhood Baptist Church choir.

Back when Russ Klein was eleven, he idolized Rudy Vallee. So it was only natural that he headed for the saxophone, when his parents agreed to give him lessons in some musical instrument. He recalls that his dad, doing well in business, was most indulgent, and that Russ made rapid transitions from his first nickel-plated sax, to a silver sax, and then on to a dazzlingly glittering gold-plated one which was the envy of every boy in the block. Russ commuted from his home in Worcester, Massachusetts, to Boston, a distance of forty-two miles, for his lessons with Bill Dewey—but it was a labor of love.

Out of high school, he joined the Casa Loma band, then under the direction of Hank Beragini. During the war, Russ served with an air-sea rescue bomber crew of the Army Air Corps. It was while he was with this group that he met his wife, Nelle, then a WASP pilot. They now live in Los Angeles with Russ's son by a former marriage. Son Lanny is seventeen.

Russ spent more than eleven years with the Freddy Martin band, was with the staff orchestra of Los Angeles Station KLAC, played with David Rose's orchestra, and then with the Cocoanut Grove house band. For five years, he did free-lancing in television and movie studio orchestras. Finally, when Lawrence Welk beckoned, the offer was too attractive to be resisted.

Youngest of the new members of the band is Maurice Pearson, tenor, who also came the greatest distance to join the Champagne Music Makers. Born in Montreal, Canada, twenty-four years ago, Maurice attended grammar school in that city and in New Westminster, then moved with his family to Vancouver, where he went to John Oliver High.

All through school, Maurice participated in amateur productions, but it was only four years ago that he took up singing with any serious intent. He studied with William Morton, one of Canada's foremost tenors. His voice showed such improvement that Maurice's father, Roy Pearson, who is in the display advertising department of the Vancouver *Daily Province*, had some recordings made. The elder Pearson is an avid Welk fan. After watching the Monday program one week, Pop Pearson impulsively sent one of Maurice's records to Mr. Welk. All Lawrence Welk needed was one playing of that record.

Maurice made his first appearance with the Champagne Music Makers, in a guest spot, on the night of his birthday. After that initial appearance, which bore out Mr. Welk's original opinion of Maurice's talent, the young Canadian returned to his job in Vancouver. But only for the short time it took for Mr. Welk to get the proper permits through the Bureau of Immigration to allow Maurice to return to Los Angeles to work. Maurice, a bachelor, has a tiny apartment near the Welk office, and sings with the band at the Aragon Ballroom on weekends.

Another new trombonist with the Welk band is Kenny Trimble, a native of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Kenny went to Bay View High and to Milwaukee State Teachers' College, and then on tour with the

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Tex Beneke band in 1953. His mother, Mrs. Evelyn Trimble, still lives in Milwaukee.

After a session on the road, Kenny decided the wandering life was not for him. He chose Orlando, Florida, as a place to settle, and moved there with his wife, Bonnie, and their son Jimmy, 14, and daughter Patty, 8. The Trimbles lived in Florida for four years before moving to Los Angeles, where Kenny played with the Jerry Gray band and with the house band at the Statler Hotel, before Welk signed him.

A symphony-orchestra violinist who doubles by playing country fiddle is Billy Wright, ninth of the new members of the Champagne Music Makers. As Billy sizes it up, "In Dick Kestner, Welk has his concert violinist; in Aladdin, he has his gypsy violinist; in Bob Lido, his jazz violinist—in me, he has his Western fiddler."

Billy's history belies his modesty, however. A graduate of the University of Oklahoma with a master's degree, Billy taught on the music faculty of that school for four years, and served simultaneously as concertmaster for the Oklahoma City Symphony Orchestra.

During those same four years, thinly disguised as "Bob White," Billy fiddled on early-morning radio programs. This "dual life" racked up quite a bit of mileage for Billy, who had to commute daily from the University in Norman—a thirty-mile trip into Oklahoma City for his radio show, then back to Norman in time to conduct his classes.

Billy is a native of Oklahoma City. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Wright, still live there, at 300 So. W. 36th street. Billy's mother was a music teacher, accomplished on the mandolin, guitar and piano. His father played the guitar, and Billy and his three sisters were reared in an atmosphere of music. All three sisters—Mrs. Redonda Dupree, Mrs. Mollie McGough, and Mrs. Martha Vargas—still live in Oklahoma City.

This habit of family participation in things musical has carried over into Billy's own home. His wife, Jo Ella, plays the piano, and has a trio of her own which appears at a supper club in San Fernando. Their son, Joe Bill, 16, has his union card, and plays with a small band in their North Hollywood neighborhood. And the three Wrights often get together musically, to form their own trio—Joe Bill on the drums, Jo Ella at the piano, and Billy on the violin.

It's a lucky thing they do—because it was a tape recording of one of their performances which Lawrence Welk heard, and which inspired him to summon Billy for an audition. Before Billy signed with the Welk band, he had played with Spade Cooley, Tex Williams, and Gene Autry, as well as with the Burbank Symphony Orchestra. He managed, too, to work in enough class attendance at Los Angeles State Teachers College to qualify for his California teaching credentials.

The Champagne Music Makers numbered around twenty when they first launched their phenomenally popular network show less than three years ago. Now their roster has swollen to thirty-three. With the addition of these nine talented and likeable fellows, Lawrence Welk's world-famous Champagne Music has more bubbles and effervescence than ever!

This Is Nora Drake

(*Continued from page* 34)

and strength, was even more apparent as her voice took on some of the quick sureness of Nora's speech, mingled with the warmth of her own.

"In my childhood, I had a cousin Lillian Walsh, who had taken up nursing," said Mary Jane. "I thought then, as I do now, that the nurse's uniform is a symbol of consecration and devotion to those who are sick in body and spirit. Lillian was a wonderful woman. Through her, I learned to respect all who do similar work.

"Nora Drake carries on that tradition, and this makes her extremely interesting to me. She has studied the human heart, as well as the human body. She has learned much about psychology and psychiatry, and therefore works as a trained and informed assistant—not merely as one who longs to help but does not know how.

"Nora looks for motives, but she is in no sense a professional 'meddler' who probes into others' lives out of curiosity. Those in trouble often seek her out and confide in her. She inspires confidence because she is level-headed and honest . . . honest with herself, as well as with others."

Mary Jane paused a moment, then resumed thoughtfully: "I know with what regret Joan Tompkins, who was Nora for so long, gave up the part. 'Turned in her nurse's uniform,' as she poignantly put it, to go to California and join her husband, Karl Swenson, who has been acting on the West Coast for some time. I, too, have given up parts that meant a great deal to me, in order to remain near my husband, Guy Sorel, who is also an actor. Guy, in turn, has sacrificed good roles in plays that were going on the road because I was not free to go with him. When you have a good marriage you cherish it, and put it first." About this, Mary Jane is positive.

Guy Sorel, well-known on stage, screen, radio, and television, was in New York, playing in the Broadway stage mystery-thriller, "Monique," at the time his wife put on Nora's uniform. Guy and Mary Jane had been separated part of the previous summer while he was doing summer stock in Boston, and there have been more or less brief separations when one or the other fulfilled Hollywood commitments. But, mostly, they have worked out their careers together. Last summer's separation was difficult for both of them—partly because of the boat that was Mary Jane's particular delight.

Together, the Sorels had taken long, adventurous trips. Now a woman friend went with Mary Jane, in Guy's place—but somehow a boat needs a man! "Although we managed it very well," Mary Jane recalled. "We would sail into a harbor and hear someone say, 'Heavens, two women are running that boat!' It was a thirty-two foot job that slept four. I used the past tense, because Guy and I sold it last fall, not knowing how much time we could sail it together when summer comes again."

Once, Mary Jane almost stepped out of her work-a-day real-life role and its practical uniform of shirt, slacks and Indian moccasins to buy some lush lounging clothes. She and Ethel Owen—who is Mother Burton in *The Second Mrs. Burton* and Grace Clayberger in *Wendy Warren And The News,* over CBS Radio—went shopping one afternoon, after their broadcasts.

Ethel, mistress of a charming country house, has a passion for lovely hostess gowns. Fired by her enthusiasm, as well as the pretty things that were shown in the shop, Mary Jane almost fell for one. "Thinking that Guy might like to come

home and find his wife dressed up one day, looking gay and pretty! Forgetting that, unlike Ethel, I lived in a small city apartment, walked a dog on city streets. Forgetting that I am not the type Ethel is, a woman who wears such things with distinction," Mary Jane smiled ruefully.

"When I got home and told Guy how close I had come to trailing clouds of rich fabric, he laughed and said, 'You wouldn't stay dressed up fifteen minutes! You would look at a wall you decided needed washing down, or a radiator that needed a paint touch-up, and that would be the end of such luxury for you.'"

So far as the ordinary routine of housekeeping is concerned, Mary Jane is very willing to give that over to their competent Camille, who has been working for Guy's family since he was an infant and now takes care of them both. Camille, a Frenchwoman, is a fine cook and Guy cooks well, while Mary Jane admits that she prefers messing with paints, rather than pots and pans. "However, if Camille is away and Guy does the cooking, he leaves the pots and dishes for me to clean up. *Naturally,* being a man!"

Loving color as she does, Mary Jane might not dress so conservatively if it were not for her husband's influence. So she lets her joy in color spill over into the apartment, a medley of turquoise and terra cotta and gold and beige tones. The living room walls are turquoise, with accents of the other tones in furnishings and fabrics. Bedroom walls are a lovely, soft, terra cotta shade. Here the bedspread is turquoise, banded with gold. On the walls are old theatrical playbills and prints—some the gifts of Virginia Payne, CBS Radio's *Ma Perkins,* who brought them back from a vacation in Europe.

"To get the exact terra cotta we wanted, Guy broke open an earthen flower pot and showed it to the painter, asking that it be just a shade lighter," Mary Jane expained. "We call our little den the Clutter Room, because the things that won't fit into the other rooms are crowded into it. But, as you can see, it reflects our interest in the American Indian, especially the Indians of Arizona, where my sister, brother-in-law, and mother live.

"My brother-in-law was Indian agent at Flagstaff, and we have all come to know and love the Indians. This brilliantly colored shawl hanging on the wall was woven for Rita by an old Indian woman who noticed her shivering in the sudden chill of evening and immediately began weaving the warm and beautiful shawl. How it came to find its way to our wall is a secret—the secret being that I fell in love with it!"

Mary Jane's interest in studying French stems from the fact that Guy's family comes from France. With his fluent speech, his mother's impeccable French—and the fact that Camille is a native Frenchwoman, too—there seemed no choice but to learn something of the language. In her own more familiar English, Mary Jane records for a national organization called Recordings for the Blind, which is very close to her heart.

"These are the people who are trying to help themselves, these blind students for whom we volunteers work," she pointed out. "Usually, a student requires a specific book or article to be recorded for use in his work toward a degree. My part in all this is very small, but it couldn't be more rewarding."

Looking back to her own beginnings in the theater, it seems plain that Mary Jane Higby was destined to do the particular work that has culminated in her becoming Nora Drake. Her actor father carried her on stage when she was an infant. Before she was five, there was a child's part in his stock company and Mary Jane got it: "No one else was available, I was right there, I was rehearsed and I went on. All my parts have come to me like that."

Films were next for the talented girl. But that career ended when a company was on location down on the border of lower California, right after an earthquake had struck. The results were still visible in the cracked earth, the heat that made every bit of metal blistering to the touch, and the hot tempers and overwrought nerves of the cast. Mary Jane was the most poised of them all, but the adult actors blew lines and scenes had to be repeated over and over.

Finally, the little girl's nerves reached the breaking point and she staged a tantrum. Her wise mother let her finish the picture. But, when they got back to Hollywood, Mrs. Higby marched right into the executive offices and asked for a release from their contract, sending Mary Jane back to the normal life of a little girl.

During her high-school days, Wilbur Higby was playing stock in San Francisco. Once again, Mary Jane was approached with a part, and, once again, got it. Later, in Los Angeles, while she was still at Hollywood High School, an agent asked her if she would be interested in doing some radio. She had never talked into a microphone, didn't know what one looked like, but she read and was hired—and has been a radio actress ever since, except for a few stock-company appearances.

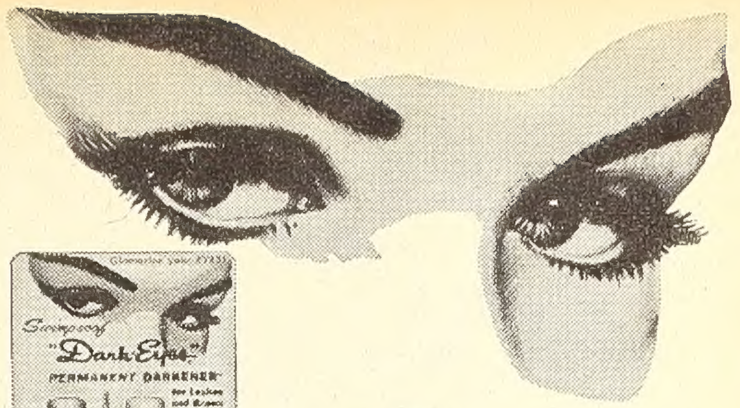
"Contrary to the idea most people have about acting," Mary Jane says now, "it is a craft, and I had to learn it from the ground up, as all actors must eventually. I didn't always want to follow its exacting requirements. When I was still a very young actress, my father said, 'You were so *down* during rehearsal today.' 'I didn't feel very *up,*' I told him. 'My dear,' was his answer, 'this has nothing to do with the way you feel. You may some day have to play a character like Lady Babbie in "The Little Minister." On that day, someone you love may be very ill. Someone may have died. Babbie laughs all through the play—and, because *she* feels like laughing, *you* will have to laugh. How you personally feel does not matter. Not when you are rehearsing, and not before an audience.'"

Mary Jane has often thought what good advice this might be for anyone, because there are times when all people must give performances, seeming to feel *up* when they really feel *down.* This is particularly true of a nurse, who must learn to control her emotions, to communicate strength and warmth. Such a nurse as Nora Drake.

Something happened not long ago that made Mary Jane feel she had fitted quite easily and naturally into this role of Nora. With Julie Stevens, who stars in *The Romance Of Helen Trent* on CBS Radio, she went to a gymnasium for a workout and steam bath after a busy day at the studio. They were in adjoining showers, calling back and forth over the noise of the running water, not realizing how their voices carried to others in the room. When they were dressed and ready to leave, a woman stopped them.

"You are Helen Trent," she said to Julie, adding some complimentary things about her performances. "And you are Nora Drake," she said to Mary Jane. "You couldn't be anyone else. I have loved and followed Nora closely for years, and you are exactly like her."

Pleased with her recognition, the woman went on her way. Just as pleased, Mary Jane went home . . . to don shirt and slacks and moccasins and splash paint around, as Mrs. Guy Sorel . . . and to think about how Nora Drake would feel when she lived next day's episode.



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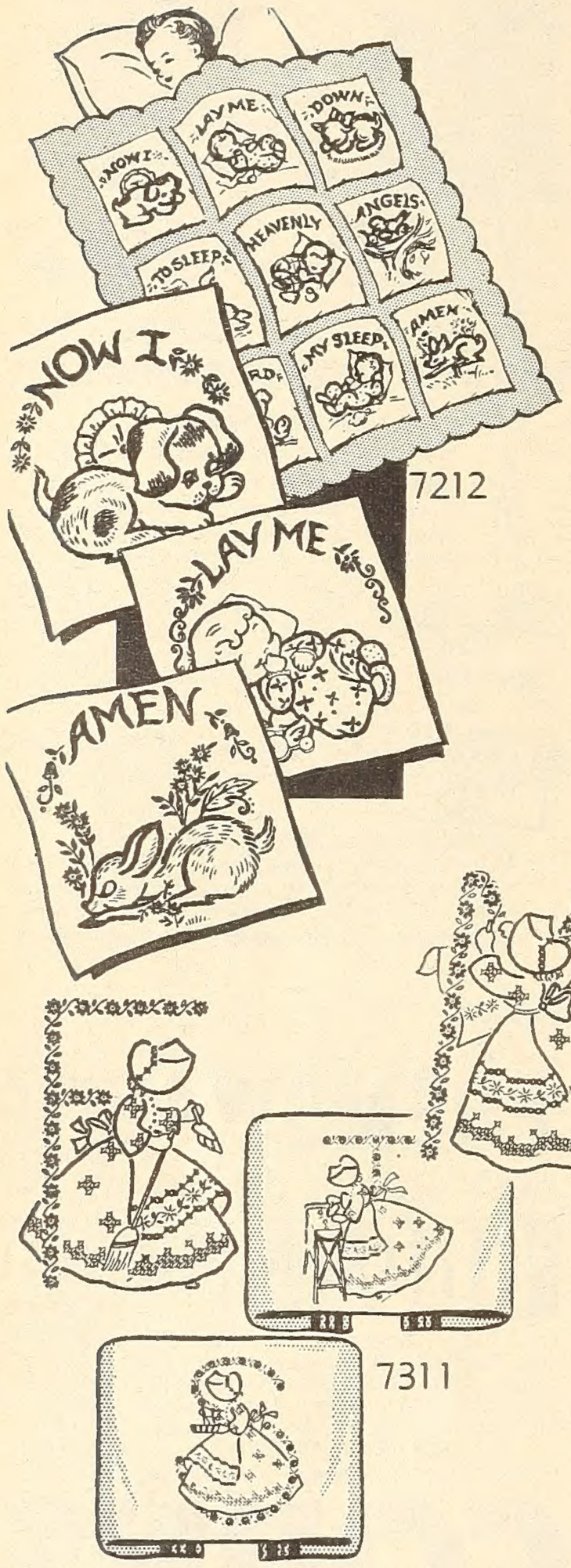
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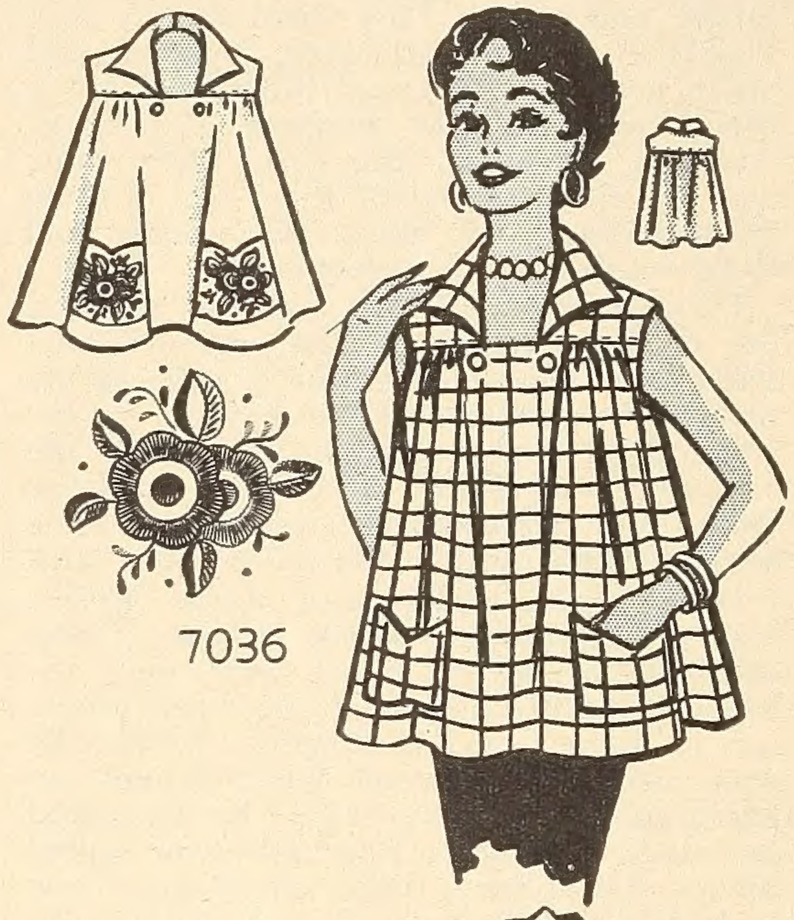
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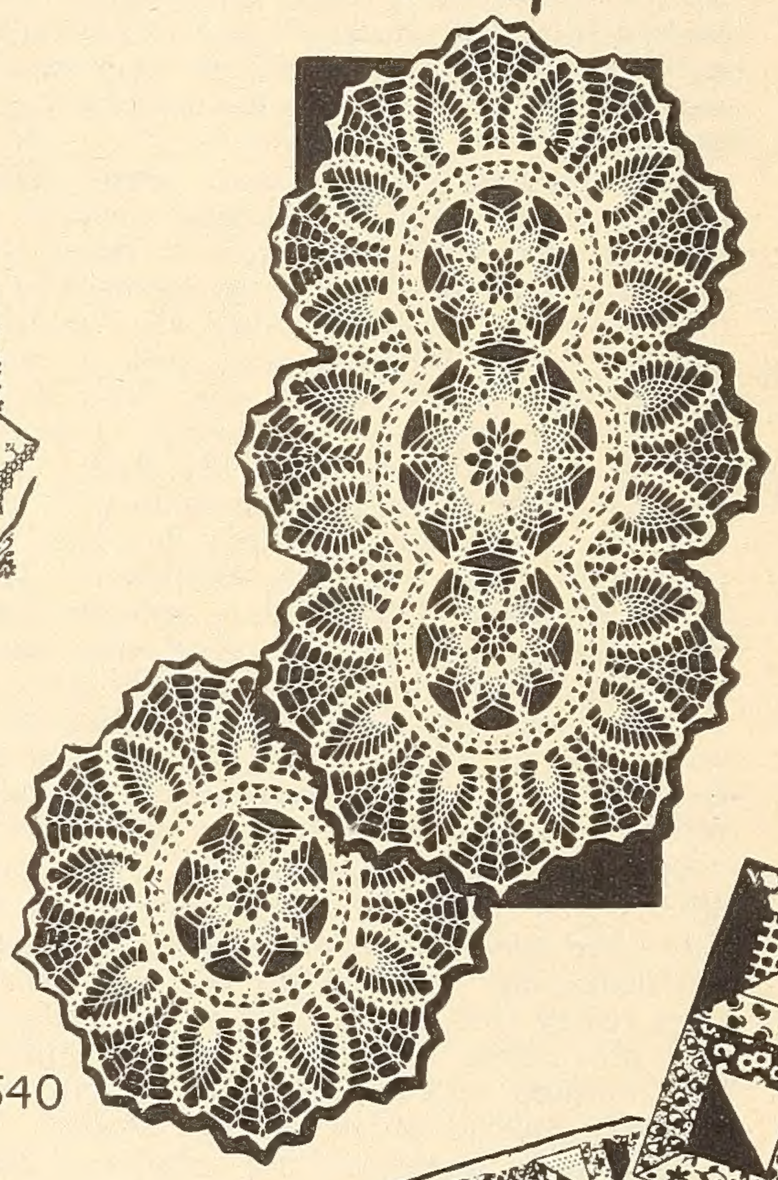
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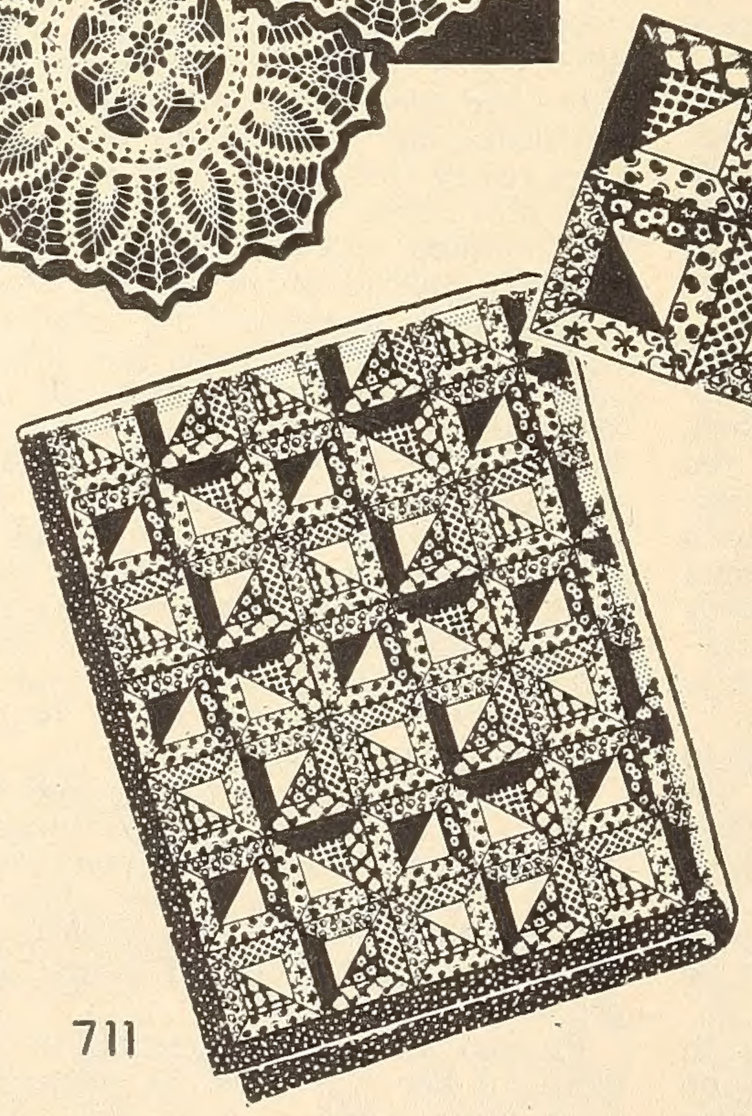
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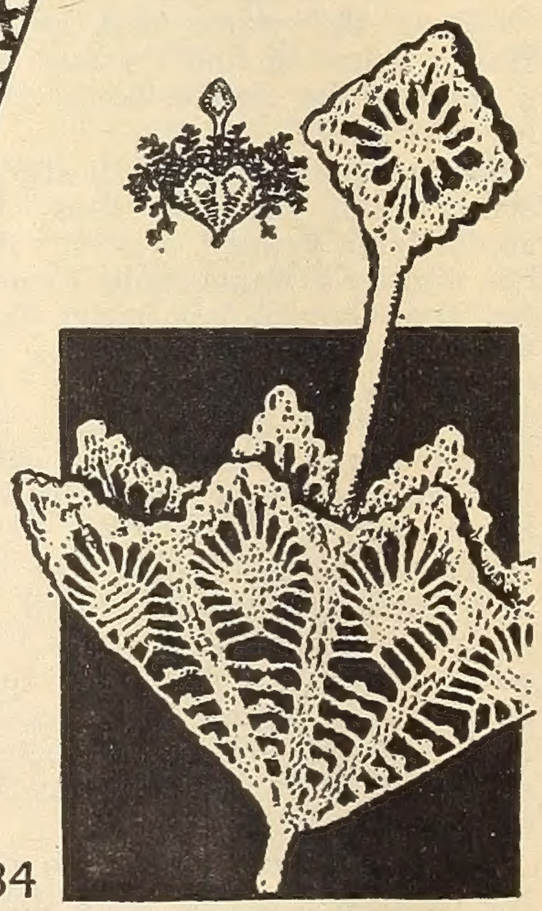
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